

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume L. }

No. 2137.—June 6, 1885.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXV.

CONTENTS.

I. MODERN GENEVA,	<i>Quarterly Review,</i>	579
II. A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF. By Mrs. Oliphant. Part XVIII.,	<i>Chambers' Journal,</i>	599
III. COUNT CAVOUR'S LETTERS,	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i>	603
IV. MRS. DYMOND. Part V.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	610
V. HOW THE BLIND DREAM,	<i>National Review,</i>	616
VI. FRENCH VIEWS ON ENGLISH WRITERS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	622
VII. A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON,	<i>Temple Bar,</i>	629
VIII. DR. LIDDON ON PROGRESS,	<i>Spectator,</i>	637
IX. THE HUGUENOT SOCIETY,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	639

POETRY.

IN APRIL,	578 CAMOENS'S TWENTY-SECOND,	578
THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS,	578 ROME,	578
THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE,	578	



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of

LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of *The Living Age*, 18 cents.

IN APRIL.

LIGHT falls the rain
On link and laine,*
After the burning day,
And the bright scene,
Blue, gold, and green,
Is blotted out in gray.

Not so will part
The glowing heart
With sunny hours gone by;
On cliff and hill
There lingers still
A light that cannot die.

Like a gold crown,
Gorse decks the Down,
All sapphire lies the sea;
And incense sweet
Springs as our feet
Tread light the thymy lea.

Fade vision bright!
Fall rain, fall night!
Forget, gray world, thy green!
For us, nor thee,
Can all days be
As though *this* had not been!

Spectator.

F. W. B.

* "Link" and "laine" are names common among the Sussex Downs, the former meaning a grassy ridge, the latter ploughland lying at the foot of the Downs.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

R. L. STEVENSON.

A Child's Garden of Verses.

IN APRIL, ETC.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

R. L. STEVENSON.

CAMOENS'S TWENTY-SECOND.

I LEAVE you (dear my life !) and as I leave
The very sense of Death-in-Life I feel;
I weet not why we seek contenting Weal,
If more must lose who doth the more receive.
But this firm 'surance unto you I give,
Albeit my tormentry this body kill,
Thro' the dark waters of the Lethe-rill
Secure in Memory the dead Past shall live.

Better sans you mine eyes with woe be wet
Than with another Light they shine content:
Better forget them you than they forget.
Better with this remembrance be they spent,
Than by forgetting undeserve to get
The glories won by pains they underwent.

ROME.

WHERE are the footprints of the ancient dead
Who dwelt and wrought in Rome and made
mankind?

What memory have the mighty left behind
In this imperial place where they were bred?
Like minute-sands the centuries have sped
To cover nations with their dust-cloud blind;
Fragments of beauty past are all we find,
Whose purpose, with the flying years, is fled.
In this vast universe is left no place
For that fleet breath that fleeting man calls
Fame.

These stones, that mind us of some fading
name,
And watched the passing of earth's strongest
race,
Will vanish too; the long years hold no grace
For earth's memorials of praise and blame.
Spectator.

A. D. G.

From The Quarterly Review.
MODERN GENEVA.*

"SINCE the sixteenth century," says one of the most recent historians of "Geneva and Lake Leman," "the interest of our history has lain entirely in the region of ideas and social progress, in the development among us of letters, science, and art, and in the more and more complete expansion of our democratic institutions. The whole evolution of Geneva is summed up in two names — Calvin and Rousseau; Protestantism and democracy are its two poles. Akin to France in language, law, and habits of life, in the instinct of equality and in precision and accuracy of thought, French-speaking Switzerland has yet known how to keep at bay all those French elements which were incompatible with her religious and political principles. On the other hand, the influence of Protestant solidarity has produced a striking likeness between her manners and ideas and those of England, Scotland, America, and Holland; her social evolution may be said to be the epitome of that of Protestantism in general."

It is indeed as the headquarters of great ideas that Geneva has made her mark on history. Since the days when she adopted the Calvinistic reform with enthusiasm, as her natural and logical defence against the house of Savoy, down to the days of Rousseau and on to those of Madame de Staël — the part played by Geneva in the history of European civiliza-

tion has been one of moral and intellectual influence, with which considerations of politics have had comparatively little to do. Roughly speaking, there have been three periods at which the vitality of Genevese thought, and the characteristic mission of the little State as an experimenting ground of ideas, have been specially brought home to the consciousness of Europe. The first period, of course, was that of the Calvinistic reform. Under Farel and Calvin, Geneva developed a theocratic system which impressed the world of the Renaissance by its austere realization of a narrow but lofty ideal; and during the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the town represented to many a distant French or German or English Protestant one of the sacred cities of the faith, an oasis of Protestant purity rising amidst the wastes of Catholicism. In vain did the house of Savoy, at the close of the sixteenth century, bring the whole force of its power to bear on the nest of heretics which polluted the neighborhood of a Catholic country; in vain did Louis XIV. weave the toils of a far-reaching policy round the tiny republic, which saw herself forced by him to tolerate the celebration of the mass within her walls for the first time since 1535. The final defeat of the house of Savoy in 1602, when its famous attempt to possess itself of the city by the surprise of the Escalade was foiled by the courage of the citizens, delivered her from the first danger, while the English revolution of 1688, which seated the champion of Protestantism on the throne of James II., secured her political and religious independence against the menacing advances of France. Thenceforward the little State was free from external attack on the ground of religion. Her Calvinism was not to be destroyed from outside. It fell to pieces from within.

With the eighteenth century Geneva entered upon quite another phase of development. The Calvinistic system of government had ceased to work, and was being gradually shaken off. The absorbing interest of the population in certain narrow and exclusive religious ideas was giving place among its leading minds to

* 1. *Genève et les Rives du Leman.* Par Rodolphe Rey. Genève, 1876.

2. *Genève, ses Institutions, ses Mœurs, son Développement Intellectuel et Moral.* Par Joel Cherbuliez. Genève, 1862.

3. *Genève religieuse au dix-neuvième siècle.* Par le Baron H. de Goltz, traduit par C. Malan. Genève, 1862.

4. *Notice historique sur la Vie et les Travaux de M. Rossi.* Par M. Mignet. 1849.

5. Charles-Victor de Bonstetten, *Etude biographique et littéraire.* Par Aimé Steinlen, Lausanne, 1860.

6. Sismondi, *Fragments de son Journal et Correspondance.* Avec une notice de Mlle. Montgolfier. Genève, 1863.

7. *Lettres intimes de J. C. L. Sismondi, etc., à Madame la Comtesse d'Albany,* publiées par M. Saint-René Taillandier. Paris, 1863.

8. *Écrivains nationaux.* Première série. Genève. Par Eugène Rambert. Genève, 1874.

9. Amiel, *Henri-Frédéric. Journal intime.* 2 vols. Genève, 1880.

interests of a freer and more philosophical nature, interests which ultimately found their chief spokesman in Rousseau, and were to exercise a still more widespread influence on the modern world than the ideas of the Calvinistic reform had exercised over the sixteenth century. Rousseau's connection with Geneva, and the many other contributions both in men and theories which the little State made to the origins of the French Revolution, combined to give Genevese ideas once more a leading part in the general development of Europe. By a strange irony, Geneva herself was one of the first victims of the great movement which she had helped to start. France repaid her, both for Rousseau and for Necker, by the fraudulent act of annexation by which, in 1798, the city passed into the hands of the Directory and became an integral part of the French republic.

It is with the third period that we are concerned in the present sketch. After the recovery of her political independence in 1814, Geneva, for about a quarter of a century, became again one of the centres of the intellectual life of Europe. All the leading ideas of the Restoration found expression and illustration in her political and social activity, from 1814 to 1840; among her statesmen she counted men of European reputation like Rossi and Sismondi, while her brilliant society formed a meeting-ground for the cultivated classes of England, France, Germany, and Italy. The influence, indeed, of this third period of prosperity has neither been very general nor very lasting. Its brilliancy has not availed to prevent Geneva herself from disavowing the principles on which she was founded, and its social and political speculations have been eclipsed or forgotten in the rapid march of European thought and history. But still, during these twenty or thirty years, Geneva was brought into general and fruitful contact with the countries round her; her thought played a part in European thought which it has now entirely ceased to play, and her upper class, her institutions, her religion, excited an interest far more widespread than any which is now bestowed upon them. The object of this paper is to re-

call some of the leading features of this last period of Genevese influence in Europe. We shall study it best in the lives and thoughts of some of the eminent men whom it produced; and when we have followed its history up to 1841, a rapid sketch of the men and principles of that modern Geneva which has now so completely effaced and superseded the Geneva of 1814, will enable us to realize still more clearly, by force of contrast, the spirit of the earlier epoch.

For since 1846 the Geneva of history may be said to have ceased to exist. The traditions of the place have lost that assimilative force which for so long enabled the Calvinistic State to mould the foreign elements introduced into her after her own pattern and infuse them with her own spirit. Geneva, in the language of one of her critics, has ceased to be "*une grande petite ville*," and has become "*une petite grande ville*;" that is to say, a town like any other, with a rich, self-indulgent upper class, a flourishing middle class, and a turbulent democracy of the ordinary Continental type. Certain traces of the past still remain indeed; the old family houses in the upper town still shelter something of the sobriety, the religious feeling, the science, which made Geneva great. The national Church still maintains its hold on the sentiment of the people, even where it has lost its sway over their belief; and as education spreads, we see the evolution of a certain antiquarian and literary tendency, towards regilding here and there some of the ruined idols of the past. But practically the city of Calvin and Rousseau, and even the city of Sismondi, has ceased to be. Its disappearance gives a special and pathetic interest to the years we are about to describe.

Geneva passed into the possession of the French Republic in March, 1798. A period of national collapse followed. The population declined rapidly; the town for some years wore an air of desertion and decay; while in the place of the Genevese workmen, who had carried their industry into foreign countries, a Savoyard and Catholic proletariat gradually invaded the place. But the ancient life of the republic was still preserved among a certain

ring of old families, who, during the whole of the French occupation, contrived to maintain the Church, the Academy, the College, and the Sociétés de Bienfaisance, within their exclusive direction and control, and who kept up between themselves and their French masters a social barrier which nothing could break down. It was owing to their tenacity and their patriotism that, when the time of deliverance came, the old Geneva was found capable of revival and restoration.

At last, after sixteen years of foreign rule, the moment of enfranchisement arrived. In the last days of December, 1813, news was brought to Geneva of the neighborhood of a body of Austrian troops, forming part of the allied army which had crossed the Rhine a few weeks before. The chiefs of the French administration, together with the garrison, immediately evacuated the place, and on the last day of the year, the Austrian commander with his men entered the gates, and French sway over Geneva was practically at an end. On New Year's Day, 1814, a provisional government, chosen from old functionaries of the republic, announced itself to the town, and proclaimed the recovered freedom of Geneva. Very nearly eighteen months, however, of fluctuating hopes and fears, of negotiations with the powers, and of bargainings with the Swiss Confederation,—admission into which was a matter of life and death to the newly restored republic,—passed away before the bold act of this New Year's Day was to be fully ratified by circumstance. In the first place, the Austrian general gave himself aristocratic airs towards the defenceless little State which had welcomed him as its saviour. He formed a military administration of his own, which showed itself so wholly determined to ignore the existence of the native provisional government, that the chiefs of it were forced after a few weeks to withdraw from an unequal struggle, and even to place their resignation in the hands of their master. The course of events, however, in this great moment of European history, was all in favor of the "fragile political entity," which, after having been merged for half a generation in

the great mass of the French Empire, was still as ready as it had ever been to assert its individuality in the face of Europe. A turn of the war withdrew the Austrian general and his soldiers from the town, and the provisional government, which had been in some sort re-constituted towards the end of April, threw all its energies into obtaining a body of Swiss federal troops to replace their quondam deliverers. They addressed a demand to the Diet for such troops before the departure of the Austrians, and the Diet, aware that the allied powers were prepared both to recognize the independence of Geneva and to press the admission of the republic into the Helvetic Confederation, was not slow to meet the Genevese requests.

On the 17th of May, the Austrians departed, the town was garrisoned by the National Guard, and the provisional government, "Messieurs les Syndics," assumed full authority, both within the town and in the Communes outside the walls. "The old Geneva," says a Swiss historian, "had risen again, her citizens had once more a country; the memories of the past were joyfully appealed to; and the restoration of the ancient customs of the town became the object of all. Public respect was once more paid to the Sabbath, and the great bell of the town which had been used in former centuries to proclaim to Geneva the retreat of her enemies, as it rang out in the evening air, stirred in all hearts the chord of liberty."

A fortnight later, a body of the Fribourg militia, commanded by Colonel Girard, arrived at Geneva as the military agents of the Confederation. The town, which saw in their arrival a pledge of her admission on equal terms into that Swiss league of which she had never been anything more than the *protégé* or the humble ally, received them with the wildest demonstrations of joy.

Geneva [wrote an eyewitness] is drunk with happiness. The 1st of June saw the entry among us of a little Helvetic garrison from Fribourg, the heralds of the union of Geneva with Switzerland. It is impossible to describe the delight and transport of the Genevese. All were under arms; one could see nothing

but triumphal arches, from Cologny, where the Swiss landed, to the Hôtel de Ville. Nobody stayed at home, every child was in the streets. It brought the tears into my eyes to see a corps of children ranging from six years old to twelve, — a little troop armed with bows and arrows, and some of them in Mameluke dress, many of them quite small, and as handsome as little Cupids, — here a company of Lancers, there another of Grenadiers, and three rosy-faced urchins with big sabres on tiny horses, playing colonels. Sisters and mothers were looking on, all in their Sunday best; joy and hope shone on every face, while every bell rang and every cannon thundered.

Meanwhile the serious and practical difficulties of the situation were being grappled with simultaneously by the Genevese deputies to the Congress of Paris and by the envoys of the restored republic at Zurich, then the headquarters of the Helvetic Confederation. The general drift of European policy at the moment was favorable to the Genevese claims. The allies wished to establish a compact and neutralized Switzerland as a barrier between France and her neighbors, and Geneva was necessarily the key of the Swiss western frontier. It was therefore to the interest of the powers, not only to sever Geneva from France, but to see her united in some more solid and permanent fashion than had ever yet been the case, to the main Swiss fabric. But to these geographical and political reasons of the moment Geneva was able to add others more honorable to her individually. Her unique past, the memory of her struggle for religious freedom, the reputation of her upper class, — all these combined to plead her cause and to interest the leading men of the political situation in her claims. On the other hand, the nineteen cantons which had formed the Swiss Confederation since 1803, were not particularly anxious to admit Geneva into their circle. Her history during the eighteenth century had been one of perpetual political disturbance, and the aristocrats of Berne and Zurich were afraid of the influence which the keen, restless Genevese spirit might exercise on the balance of class power throughout the Confederation; while the Catholic cantons had no wish to see the Protestant element in the Diet reinforced by the representatives of the city of Calvin.

However, step by step, the negotiations were carried forward. Geneva, hoping thereby to make herself more acceptable to the Confederation, endeavored, for the most part unsuccessfully, to obtain an increase of territory from the allies in con-

gress, and the provisional government kept up at the same time a pressing correspondence with the Diet. As the intentions of European policy became plainer, the tone of the Diet towards Geneva grew naturally more complaisant. Guarantees of order and stability were asked for in the shape of a new Genevese constitution; a constitution of a moderately aristocratic type was accordingly drawn up, submitted to popular election, and carried by an enormous majority. Then, when the Helvetic Confederation had first formally settled its own terms of union in a new Federal Pact, the three new cantons of Neuchâtel, Valais, and Geneva were admitted *de jure*, though not as yet *de facto*, in September, 1814. During the nine months which followed, the perils of the Hundred Days served to bind Geneva still more closely to the rest of Switzerland. The town was protected by a federal garrison sent thither in March, 1815, and towards the end of April, the deputies of the new canton were at last allowed to take their places in the Diet. Four months afterwards, when Europe had been finally delivered from Napoleon, the new Switzerland celebrated her birthday in the cathedral of Zurich. On the 9th of August, 1815, every Swiss deputy took the following oath of allegiance to their common country: —

We swear to observe the alliance of the Confederation loyally and perpetually, and to sacrifice thereto if necessary our bodies and our blood and our possessions; to assure by all the means in our power the prosperity and advantage of our country and of each particular canton, and to avoid all that might harm either; to live amongst ourselves as brothers and confederates in good as in evil fortune; and to accomplish all that duty and honor require from faithful allies.

Such was the solemn compact which symbolized the resurrection of Switzerland from the state of partial servitude to which the Napoleonic Empire had reduced her. To Geneva, her entry into the Confederation was a source of unmixed satisfaction. For centuries she had been the protected ally of Berne or Fribourg. She was now their political equal, and a future of peaceful and regular development seemed assured to her. The little town of thirty thousand inhabitants, with a yearly income of about a million francs, had excited all through the crisis of the Napoleonic downfall the interest of cultivated men all over Europe, and the history of the twenty-five years which fol-

lowed the restoration of the republic was to provide abundant justification for this widespread sympathy. Genevese society had never been so brilliant, and Genevese ideas during this quarter of a century had a vogue and currency in Europe which is now hard to realize. If in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Geneva had been the metropolis of the Reformation, occupying within the limits of Protestantism a position analogous to that of Rome itself, and in the eighteenth century, a hotbed of political theory — after 1814 the dream of her leading men was to make of her a pattern State, to use her as a laboratory of constitutional and social experiment. The problems of representative government in its different degrees and proportions, the eternal difficulty of how to combine the maximum of individual liberty with the maximum of public welfare, the value of the utilitarian theory as applied to the different branches of modern life, the secrets of economical progress, and the relation of the State towards the child it has to educate and the criminal it is forced to punish, — these were the kind of subjects which fed the flame of Genevese discussion during the active and fruitful years which followed the restoration of the republic.

The government, indeed, was aristocratic in temper and in composition, having the fear of the Holy Alliance perpetually before its eyes, and holding literature and the press under a censorship more or less strict, according to the political necessities of the day. Sismondi, fresh from his efforts to help Napoleon in the Hundred Days, not as Napoleon, indeed, but as the only possible representative of liberal ideas in the face of a reactionary Europe, threw himself into opposition to the party which 1814 had brought to the front, and with the help of Rossi, Dumont, and others, succeeded ultimately in indoctrinating Genevese public life with that tone of moderate liberalism which prevailed in it from 1825 to 1846. A Liberal opposition was needed, for in 1815 class distinctions were for the moment revived with fresh strength. The air seemed to be still hot with the passions of the eighteenth century, and although the *representatives* and the *natives*, to use the eighteenth century names for the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, had now, thanks to the Revolution and the Constitution of 1814, obtained a considerable share of political power, yet the real government of the State had fallen once more into the hands of those old aristocratic

families, who, after a last brilliant period of rule, were to be finally swept out of power by James Fazy and the Radical Revolution of 1846. The Genevese aristocracy had grave weaknesses and defects, which became more and more apparent as the older men who had helped to bring about the Restoration died off, and their sons, who had been brought up under the cramping influences of the French period, attempted to take their places. But during these first remarkable years all that met the eye was a Genevese upper class, as intelligent as it was rich and well bred, numbering among its ranks critics, historians, philanthropists, jurists, and men of science, and keeping up incessant communication with every intellectual centre in Europe.

The social atmosphere of Geneva indeed was almost oppressively intellectual. The modern reader at any rate is roused to an impulse of half-sarcastic revolt when, in the course of one of Charles de Bonstetten's admiring descriptions of the life of those days, he comes across the sentence: "Here one can never feel a moment's emptiness; there are so many lectures to be attended!" One must remember, however, that the idea which the words call up is characteristic of the whole European situation. The classes which had been driven out of power by the Revolution, had everywhere returned to power; but nothing could undo the effects on the European mind of the stormy period which had just closed; it was still necessary, even in those countries where the aristocratic reaction was strongest, to govern by the help of ideas, as well as by the help of physical force, and everywhere men were eager to theorize, to formulate the principles of the new epoch, and to reconcile, here in a more Conservative, there in a more Liberal sense, the requirements of order with the requirements of liberty. The lecturing attitude, the pose of the doctrinaire, came naturally to the thinkers and politicians of the time. In France, this political doctrinairism came finally into power with Louis Philippe; but in the little republic of Geneva it found full expression and free play from the beginning of the Restoration period. "A meeting point of nations," writes the Swiss biographer of Bonstetten, speaking of Geneva in 1815, "a point of contact for men and minds of the most different type, — the town presented a faithful although a softened reflection of all the new tendencies awakened by the Restoration throughout Europe;" and one of the most

marked of these tendencies was a didactic tendency.

However, Bonstetten's letters — he was an eyewitness of the period throughout — are full of testimony to which not even this slight demur can be taken. Writing from Geneva in 1816, he says: —

There is here a life, an energy, which does one good. Nowhere can one find more enlightenment or a more true Republican spirit than in this little State. If the twenty-one other cantons were like it, we should see Athens and Sparta over again. . . . The activity, the movement, the good-humor one sees here, tempt me to become Genevese. The magistrates of the older Republic, now become councillors, are, like the French *émigrés*, full of prejudice; but they will yield in time to those who are more enlightened, and behind them is a younger generation full of life.

And in another of his delightful letters, written about the same time to his Danish friend Frederica Broun, he declares in a tone of still greater warmth, —

At Geneva everything thrives, everything advances with giant steps. The education given is excellent, the youth of the place studious and well behaved. . . . Everything that thinks and writes in Europe passes through our magic lantern. Princes and Grands Seigneurs abound. Many people indeed prefer Geneva to Paris; what is scattered and dispersed in the great city is found here, as it were, in essence. Geneva is the world in a nutshell.

The chronicler, indeed, has but one fault to find with the life of the Restoration. It is carried on, the German in him complains, at too high pressure. "It is like a perpetually unclouded sky, knowing nothing of the gradations of dawn or evening. Think or die — is the Genevese motto."

To describe this brilliant and varied society in detail would be impossible within our present limits. We must be content with singling out three representative members of it. Rossi, the Italian immigrant whose career embodies one of the most romantic stories of the century; Sismondi, historian and philanthropist, at once the friend of England and the supporter of Napoleon against what he believed to be the deadly forces of a blind reaction; and Charles de Bonstetten, whose life began before the Seven Years' War and ended after the accession of Louis Philippe; upon these three figures we may perhaps pause a little. But for the rest we can only recall a string of honorable names — Dumont, the friend of Mirabeau and the editor and translator of Bentham, who had returned from En-

gland with ideas and sentiments of the purest Whig type; D'Ivernois, who had been, during his English exile, the associate of Pitt, and who on his return to his native town tried to bring a cultivated and kindly Toryism to bear upon its politics; the two Pictets, founders of the "Biographie Britannique," which became later on the "Biographie Universelle;" De Candolle, the great botanist, whose airy French ways were balanced by an insatiable passion for work, by a scientific inventiveness and thoroughness, and by a power of rousing the interest and enthusiasm of his pupils, which have left a deep mark on the history of European science; and last, but not least, the refined and dignified Madame Necker de Saussure, the heir of two famous names, and distinguished even in that earnest and cultivated society for the serious enthusiasm and the intellectual force which she threw into her work, both as a writer on questions of social reform and as a practical philanthropist.

The whole temper of the place indeed was active and serious. Large questions, political, social, or philosophical, occupied the forefront both of public and of private life. The philosophical bases of law, and the new methods of historical interpretation which the Germans were bringing into prominence, the ideal relations of the State towards the individual both in his civil and religious capacity, the vast prospects of physical science, — these were the topics upon which the men and even the women of Geneva spent their energies by preference, during these strenuous years.

Pure belles-lettres, which had never found a favorable home in Geneva, did not indeed count for much in this intellectual revival. A few obscure poets, mostly of the school of Béranger, gathered round the gay and kindly Petit-Senn, known to the Geneva of two generations, partly as the poet of family festivals and patriotic occasions, but still more as the rich and soft-hearted patron of all the young dabblers in letters whom the town and neighborhood produced. An account of these poets and their works may be found in the conscientious study which M. Marc Monnier has lately devoted to modern Genevese verse ("Genève et ses Poètes"); but they are not worth our recapitulation here, for they made little mark, and had no influence on the general development of Geneva. Töpffer was only a boy at the time of the restoration, and the brilliant opening of Victor Cherbiliez's career, which is all that Geneva can claim, as well as the grace and wit of

Marc Monnier, and the delicate gravity of Amiel, belong to the period subsequent to 1846.

Nor, in these early years, were religious questions much to the fore. The Genevese Church, like every other national institution, had profited by the general revival of patriotic energy brought about by the Restoration. Still it was regarded mainly as a national possession, as something bound up with and supporting the life of the State. The tremendous doctrinal controversies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century were things of the remote past. A sort of Christian Unitarianism, deeply tinged with Puritan feeling, represented the dominant religious temper of the place. Cellerier and Diodati, men of pure life and tender hearts, kept the flame of a warmer piety alive within the range of their influence, and served as pioneers of the Evangelical revival, which began in 1819, and reached its highest point between 1830 and 1840. But, on the whole, the tendency both of pastors and people within the Calvinistic establishment was, for many years, rather towards moral and philanthropic than theological speculation. There was a general avoidance of dogmatic questions, a general wish to make the ground of common action afforded by religion as large and as indeterminate as possible. The progress of the revival movement did indeed disturb the state of things, and stirred up a certain amount of angry religious controversy. But the religious controversies of Geneva have in this century lost the power they once possessed of rousing a European echo. The numbers under the sway of the *Oratoire*, or church of the *Réveil*, have been throughout insignificant. The *Réveil*, no doubt, developed a certain number of effective preachers and ardently religious men, but perhaps the only moment when it came into contact with the broad stream of religious interest in Europe was the moment when Professor Scherer seceded from it in 1847, and by the publication of his book, "La Critique et la Foi," so famous in the circles of Continental Protestantism, and the foundation of the *Revue de Strasbourg*, brought into view opinions, which, as Lord Acton has lately pointed out, are as important in the history of modern belief as any known to the century. But the history of M. Scherer's opinions does not belong properly to Geneva. His connection with the *Oratoire* was a short one; before it he was a pupil of Vinet, and since it came to

an end, he has become a French senator, and one of the best of French critics. There are a few other names of interest in the modern religious history of Geneva. Ernest Naville, both as preacher and thinker, commands our respect, and has found readers outside his native country, and in an exhaustive study of the town's religious development since 1814, we should find much to interest us in men like Bungener and the younger Cellerier. But still, broadly speaking, the interests of the whole period have not been primarily religious or literary. They have been political and social. And therefore it is with the politicians and the men who were not only men of letters, but men of wide social interests and reputation besides, like Sismondi and Bonstetten, that we shall do best to concern ourselves if we wish to realize the course, whether of the brilliant Restoration period, or of the time of varied political change which has succeeded it.

It may be well to recall, in the first place, under what exceptional moral conditions all the political and social activity of the Restoration was carried on. The size of the place—the town itself was then a good deal smaller in point of population than the Oxford of the present day—made it impossible for the ambition of the many able men gathered together in it to find any adequate material reward. No money was to be made out of politics, —Rossi at the height of his Genevese political reputation made an income of barely 200/. a year; the power and influence to be gained were purely local, and offered very little temptation to personal egotism; and the democracy as yet was contented and well in hand, and it was nobody's interest to flatter it. So that the atmosphere of public life was exceptionally pure and clear; the leading men of the place, if they were deprived of the training afforded by the difficulties and complexities of government on a larger scale, were yet protected from its temptations and its feverish competitions, and they conducted the business of their little country with a high-mindedness and a confidence in the efficacy of great principles which cannot but win our sympathy, whatever may be the comments which the irony of time has attached to the Restoration period. All this Genevese uprightness and seriousness, and all the new intellectual energies of the time were curiously summed up in the career of Rossi, in whom, Italian and Catholic as he was, the renewed republic found a representative of all that was best

and worthiest in her ancient manners. Pellegrino Rossi was born at Carrara, in the Duchy of Modena, in 1787. His career at the University of Bologna recalls in brilliancy and rapidity those of some of the great legal celebrities of the Middle Ages, and long before the downfall of Napoleon he had made himself a considerable reputation both as advocate and professor throughout the Romagna. Like so many of the better class of Spaniards under similar circumstances, he saw in the French rule over Italy the only means of regenerating his country. After the subsidence of the worst ferment of the Revolution, those English constitutional ideas, which had so deeply influenced the French eighteenth century, re-emerged, and they entered largely into all the new administrations inaugurated by the Napoleonic conquest. To the more intelligent Italians they seemed to carry the promise of a new world in them, and the young Rossi, gifted as he was with the true Latin tenacity and seriousness, adopted them with an unhesitating faith. Moderate constitutionalism, a society in which all should be free and equal before the law, but in which the government should fall by natural right and selection, and by the adoption of a few necessary safeguards, into the hands of the intelligent and cultivated — this was Rossi's ideal, as it was Sismondi's. He lived for it with singular consistency of purpose, and he died a martyr to it.

After Murat's unlucky expedition in 1815, Rossi found himself so deeply compromised at home by his connection with the French cause, that, after a few weeks of hiding in Naples, he saw that nothing remained to him but exile. Circumstances drew him to Geneva, where he already possessed friends, and he arrived there in 1816 at the age of twenty-nine. For about three years after his arrival, he lived a life of solitary study, in a little house outside Geneva, winning the sympathy of the neighbors, and of a constantly increasing circle of Genevese friends, by the combination in him of a rare warmth of feeling, with a certain antique austerity and single-mindedness. He was reading largely in political economy and jurisprudence, teaching himself German, and making himself master of French; but at the same time he found time to translate the "Giaour," and to disappear for occasional spells of hunting among the mountains, an amusement in which he seems to have taken a northerner's pleasure. In 1819, however, it became evident, both to him-

self and his friends, that the time had come for him to make a public appearance at Geneva. He announced a course of lectures on Roman law. The course was the great success of the year. Not only was it crowded by the older men, who, remembering the barrenness of the legal teaching of the past, were delighted with the breadth and modernness of Rossi's historical method, but by the ladies and fashionable society (if one may apply to it so frivolous an epithet) of the town. The young Italian, with his grave classical beauty of feature, with his manner at once easy and deliberate, and the foreign accent which gave a sort of piquancy to his French, took the sympathy of the place by storm, and, within a few weeks after the completion of his course, he was appointed professor of Roman law in the Academy. It was the first time that a Catholic had been admitted to a chair in that Academy, which had been for centuries the armory of Protestantism, and it was not done without opposition. But Rossi was a man born to conciliate opposition, and, having once found an entrance, his success was certain. The following year he was naturalized, and elected a deputy to the Representative Council. Thenceforward he became one of the most considerable men of the little State in which he had thus found a country.

Among the various legislative matters over which Rossi exercised a decisive influence during the years from 1830 to 1833, we may mention a new marriage law, rendered necessary by the addition of a certain number of Catholic communes to the republic in 1816; a number of different reforms in the criminal law, the re-establishment of the jury system, which had prevailed under the French administration, and was now restored by the efforts of the opposition, and so on. Rossi's most important work, however, was done as a lecturer and as a speaker. He did not possess originality, in the true sense, but he was endowed to perfection with that sensitiveness and pliancy of mind which enables a man to take up the ideas of others, to re-arrange and improve upon them, and to put them into finer and clearer shape. His lectures introduced the Genevese world to all that was best and most fruitful in the legal science of the day, and in his speeches the practical politics of the moment were treated in a large, speculative way, which no modern debating assembly is likely to put up with again, but which was exactly suited to the needs and expectations of the society to

which the speeches were addressed. One of Rossi's old friends and political colleagues, M. Huber-Saladin, published some years ago an interesting description of the oratorical performances in the Representative Council before 1841. At that time, M. Saladin tells us, the public were not admitted to the sittings of the Council, nor were the speeches reported, except in a very short official way. The Council itself was of a type rare among representative bodies. It contained about two hundred members, drawn almost entirely from the wealthy and cultivated class of the town and neighborhood. The general level of intelligence in it was exceptionally high. The men of business in it were also, generally speaking, men of culture, and it contained a large professional element. Looking back upon it, it seems to have combined the excellences of a first rate municipal council, supposing such a thing were possible, with the tone of a university convocation. The pressure of affairs behind the debates was sufficient to ensure them a large amount of practical reality, but not enough to deprive them of a certain speculative philosophical air, which makes a curious impression upon the modern reader, fresh from the hurry, the bustle, the personalities, of recent parliamentarism. The atmosphere of such a body was no doubt favorable to doctrinaires, but they must be doctrinaires with some stuff in them, and a real solidity of acquirement. A mere rhetorician had little chance with men who had practically no constituents to flatter, and no personal interests to serve. Rossi's position in the Council seems to have been always one of pre-eminence. There were other good speakers in the house; Dumont, Sismondi, Bellet, were also practised debaters and men of wide intelligence; but the peculiar combination of gifts in Rossi, and perhaps the touch of personal romance about him, placed him — such at least is M. Saladin's belief — at the head of them all.

In 1833 so great had his influence become, that Geneva could find no worthier son of native blood to represent her in the federal crisis of that year. The old Switzerland which had been momentarily revived in 1814 was now finally breaking up. 1830 had shaken Swiss society to its foundations; in Berne, Zurich, Fribourg, and many of the oldest cantons, the revolution had triumphed; in others its success was still doubtful; while the League of Sarnen held together those cantons in which the spirit of Catholic or Conserva-

tive resistance to the modern world was strongest. Geneva headed a middle party of moderates, and Rossi, as the representative of Geneva, played the part of arbitrator between the different hostile interests involved, with energy and conviction, and at first with good prospect of success. It was necessary to strengthen the central power, and, while leaving the principle of cantonal self-government untouched, to ensure a greater uniformity of political rights throughout the Confederation. At that time there was no uniformity and no common life anywhere.

The twenty-two cantons [says Mignet] of which Switzerland was then composed, were different in origin, unequal in extent, diverse in organization, and separate in belief; speaking different languages, pursuing contrary maxims, and obeying contrary interests; some Catholic, some Protestant; according to locality either German, French, or Italian; stationary democracies in the central valleys, short-sighted aristocracies in the majority of the towns; here administered by ignorant shepherds, there by haughty patricians, elsewhere by exclusive burghesses; and, according to the form of government in vogue, excluding from office in one place the very class of citizens who ruled in another. Such was the position of this inharmonious, heterogeneous Republic, of this federation, as weak as it was quarrelsome.

Evidently this was a state of things which rendered the Switzerland of 1833 equally unable to cope with revolution at home or with hostility abroad. The new Federal Pact was drawn up under a strong sense of urgency at Lucerne, and Rossi was by universal consent allowed a leading part both in the drafting of the Pact and in the advocacy of it before the Diet. His speech, as reporter of the drafting commission, was long remembered and is still quoted.

You [he said, addressing the representatives of the Radical cantons] whom the spirit of the age animates with all its fire, moderate your ardor. You [turning to the Conservative cantons] who are still obedient to the spirit of your fathers and bound to ancient tradition, rise and consent to walk. Shall the foreigners say of us contemptuously, "The Swiss, some of them old and incorrigible, the others mere undisciplined children, can overthrow but they cannot build up? 1802, 1815 proclaim it, 1833 confirms it." Swiss of the twenty-two cantons, choose which you will, union or schism, honor or shame, the respect of Europe or its contempt! May God, country, and the national honor, inspire you!

But Rossi's tact, labor, and eloquence, were expended in vain. The Diet indeed voted the new federal law, but the League

of Sarnen and the rural communes of Lucerne would have nothing to do with it; their opposition made the whole negotiation fruitless, and Rossi returned in a state of the deepest discouragement to Geneva, oppressed with a sense of the difficulties and dangers threatening the Confederation. He felt himself powerless to influence the new Switzerland which the Diet of Lucerne had revealed to him; a Switzerland of violent parties and fierce class hatreds, sure to drift at last into a policy of over-centralization as the only means of preserving the national existence. And Geneva itself was growing distasteful to him. The Representative Council was becoming more and more narrowly conservative; many of the chiefs of the older generation were already dead, others had fallen into the background; Sismondi was dying; and Rossi's keen eye foresaw a revolutionary future for the town, while it also took note of the growing decay and ineptitude of that brilliant upper class which had for so long held the forces of disorder in check. Just at this time of hesitation and difficulty, a small diplomatic commission brought him into contact with certain members of the French ministry, especially with the Duc de Broglie and Guizot, with whom he had long been on friendly terms. Their warm offers of support and employment in Paris induced him after a while to leave his little country home near Geneva, and to adopt yet another nationality. Geneva parted from him with sincere regret, the Academy bestowing on him the grade of *Professor Emeritus*, and in the autumn of 1833 Rossi settled in Paris. The chair of political economy in the Collège de France, vacant by the death of J. B. Say, the father of the present politician, was almost immediately offered him, to be exchanged, however, very shortly afterwards for that of constitutional law.

Rossi's after career is matter of general knowledge. The period of his Parisian success, in the course of which he became professor of the Collège de France, member of the Institute, member of the Chamber of Peers, and finally French ambassador to the Vatican, led him gradually onward towards that last striking episode of his life which culminated in his death at the hands of a band of Roman assassins. Rossi's aims, as Pio Nono's constitutional minister, after his connection with France had been severed by the Revolution of 1848, commanded the sympathies of Europe, but his energies were spent in vain; the tradition of centuries

protested against the transference of the ideas of England and Geneva to the counsels of Rome. His mission was doomed to failure from the first. He held his post for two months, denounced by the republicans as a reactionary, by the Catholic party as a heretic; and then the natural end followed. On the 15th of November he was to explain to the new Chamber of Deputies how his ministry proposed to reconcile the tradition of the Holy See with "the benefits and glories of modern civilization." When the day arrived, Rossi was warned four times that his life was in danger; for the last time on the threshold of the papal cabinet whence he was to proceed to the Chamber of Deputies. "If you go, you are a dead man," said a priest, catching him by the arm. "The cause of the pope is the cause of God," was the reply, after a moment's pause; "God will help me." A few minutes later he had been stabbed in the throat by a band of conspirators lying in wait for him on the steps of the chamber, and the revolution was let loose.

Such was the end of a remarkable man, a man of Teutonic beliefs and principles, enforced with southern fire and tempered with a kind of antique grace. Beside this grave figure, the type of intellectual consistency and respectability, we may now place that of Bonstetten,—Charles Victor de Bonstetten, one of the most mobile and restless of men, by birth a patrician of Berne, by instinct a revolutionist, the friend of Johann von Müller, of our own Gray, of Madame de Staël, of Sismondi and Madame de Circourt, as young at eighty as he was at twenty, and showing from youth to age the same irrepressible delight in life and its accessories. "My tendency is always to look forward," he wrote of himself at seventy. "The mechanism of my mind does not allow it to look backward. Nothing is more false or more unreasonable than the nonsense people talk about old age. In my seventieth year I have not a sigh to waste over my youth. My youthful head seems to me ugly and empty in comparison with my old brain." Such was the temper of the man at an age when life has lost its savor for most of us, and it was characteristic of him throughout. He played so prominent a part in Genevese society, and represents so admirably the cosmopolitanism which was one of the principal features of the Restoration period, that a rapid sketch of him will be one of the best illustrations available of the function and place of Geneva in European thought and life, during

the great period of upheaval and transition covered by the career of Bonstetten. In France, owing to his connection with the circle of Madame de Staél, Bonstetten's is a familiar name, and Sainte-Beuve has made him the subject of two of his most attractive *Casuaries*. But in England, beyond the bare fact of his connection with Gray, we know less of him than he deserves.

Charles Victor de Bonstetten was born at Berne in 1745. His parents belonged to one of the six aristocratic families who had for centuries divided between them the political power of one of the most exclusive oligarchies in Europe. It must have been from his mother, one would think, that Bonstetten inherited the vivacity of temperament which later on was to interpose itself between the young patrician and the duties of his order. His father, at any rate, was cast in the traditional Bernese mould, and, in spite of a great deal of warm affection between them, his son seems to have been a constant source of perplexity and anxiety to him. The boy's childhood was passed at Berne, and was apparently not a happy one, for by the age of fourteen he had taken what proved to be an invincible dislike to his native place, and his father thought it wise to send him away from home. He was sent to a tutor at Yverdon, where he spent three free and happy years, getting up at five in the morning to read, and wandering with his Horace through country lanes, where he more than once came across a man, "whose pensive air and fiery look struck his young imagination, and whom he afterwards found to be Jean Jacques himself." No control was exercised over his studies, and he read largely and hungrily, lying on his back in the open air, or perched in the branches of an old quince-tree. Thus at Yverdon the foundation both of his intellectual qualities and his intellectual defects was firmly laid. His interest in the whole field of letters was roused and stimulated by the freedom with which he was allowed to wander over it; he learnt to take that pleasure in books, to feel that joy and zest in intellectual exercise, which was one of his strongest after characteristics, but at the same time his lack of training, and his instinctive avoidance of anything that savored of drudgery and did not promise an immediate and pleasant return, were preparing in him those mental weaknesses and limitations, which his attempts at serious philosophical work brought so plainly into view in later years.

At eighteen he was sent to Geneva, and put under the charge of the minister Prévost, afterwards the well-known Professor Pierre Prévost. Here some more systematic teaching was attempted by those responsible for him, but Bonstetten would have none of it, or at any rate no more than he thought himself bound to accept out of deference to his father. "There are certain things," he writes with the trenchancy of eighteen, "which every one says, which every one thinks necessary, and which nobody practises, — to read little and read well, to observe much and think still more." He was loth to take exercises in French style from M. Prévost. "In order to form taste," he declared, "one must think for oneself; it is ruinous for a man's taste to be always copying other people's thoughts." In time, as no one could say that he was idle, he was left to himself, and in his little ground-floor room, during his first Genevese winter, he enjoyed his books to his heart's content, reading or learning his Latin poets, delighting in Fontenelle and Madame de Sévigné, above all throwing himself with passion into the study of Rousseau, "while the north wind howled outside," and nothing reminded him of the country delights he had left behind him.

Bonstetten passed three years at Geneva, years of which the happiness was only chequered by the dread of having to return to Berne. He became the friend of Moulou, Rousseau's admirer and staunch supporter at Geneva, and in Moulou's house he met the damsel who inspired Gibbon's well-regulated ardors, and ultimately became Mme. Necker. Moulou took him to Ferney and introduced him to Voltaire, greatly to the annoyance of the lad's distant parent, who presently found himself obliged to send a peremptory order forbidding his son to take part in stage performances at Ferney. This first contact with Voltaire seems to have stirred the young impulsive nature of Bonstetten to its depths. It led him to examine the grounds of that religion, for the most part a rationalizing and didactic Christianity, which he had embraced at Yverdon with youthful fervor and whole-heartedness, and he thus describes the result: —

After much prayer and many tears I made a treaty with God. I promised Him to seek for truth according to my strength, and to remain all my life faithful to virtue, feeling no doubt that the true religion of all peoples is to be virtuous. Thus did my young heart find peace again.

One could scarcely find a more characteristic expression of the dominant religious temper of the time as opposed to its Voltaireanism.

Meanwhile, although Bonstetten's religious feeling remained proof against the influence of Voltaire, his whole point of view, both political and religious, was being profoundly influenced by Rousseau. The attitude of the Genevese governing class towards his chosen prophet, and, finally, the public condemnation of "Emile" and the "Contrat Social," roused his liveliest indignation, while the political troubles into which Geneva was plunged during his day afforded him numberless opportunities of displaying the doctrines and sentiments of his master. His relations at Berne began to be seriously alarmed. How was the young revolutionist, whose letters were burning discourses on "tyranny," "liberty," and the "rights of man," who had even gone so far as to doubt the worth of a classical education, and to startle his father with a loftily expressed opinion that the "time and trouble employed in learning the ancient languages are out of all proportion to the pleasure and utility which a knowledge of them bestows"—ever to adapt himself to the narrow traditional grooves of Bernese political life? His father thought desperately of marrying him, of procuring him a diplomatic post in Poland, and finally recalled him peremptorily to Berne. Bonstetten's ardent protests, however, secured him another year of happiness at Geneva, a year principally marked by his friendship with the Christian philosopher and naturalist, Charles Bonnet, under whose influence his admiration for Rousseau seems to have gradually sobered down; but at the end of the year there was no help for it, and he returned to Berne to practise that virtue of obedience which he regarded as "the vilest sentiment which can infect the soul of man."

With the revolt and misery of his Berne life we are not concerned. Bonstetten, posing as Werther, to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, is not the true Bonstetten; certainly not the Bonstetten whom Geneva knew. His father, at last, seeing that the youth was doing no good at Berne, and alarmed by certain wild hints at suicide, wisely gave him leave to travel, and the permission at once transformed the whole current of Bonstetten's ideas.

He went to Holland, where the sturdy national life attracted his sympathy, while at the same time his mobile nature re-

belled against the Dutch phlegm and the Dutch orderliness. "They cannot put up with a joke," he complains; "too much gaiety wearies them; if you were to show any liveliness in these beautiful houses and among these precious vases, these smooth carpets, these hangings shining with cleanliness, you would make the master of the house perspire with anxiety." The university life took no deeper hold upon him than the general society of the place, and he was soon ready to continue his journey to England. Every student of English letters is acquainted with the delightful story of his friendship with Gray. The sudden apparition of the young and brilliant Swiss among the halls and gardens of Cambridge, his ardent devotion to the great man in whom the flow of poetical imagination seemed to have dried up, leaving behind it only a deep melancholy and an impenetrable reserve; their long evenings over Milton and Shakespeare, Bonstetten's revolt against Gray's sadness, and his characteristic French explanation of it,—"*Il n'a jamais aimé*,"—and on the other hand, Gray's affectionate bewilderment over the whims and eccentricities of his friend, "the most extraordinary person he had ever met with," as he confided to Nicholls, their common acquaintance, and the anxiety aroused in him by the morose letters which reached him from Bonstetten, on the return of the latter to Berne,—all these incidents and traits of the relationship between them will recur to the readers of Mr. Gosse's monograph on Gray or to the students of Sainte-Beuve. Tempting as they are, we must not dwell upon them here.

Nor are we much concerned with the years of official life which intervened between Bonstetten's English visit and his settlement at Geneva in 1801. At the age of thirty we find him surrendering to circumstances, taking up the responsibilities forced upon him by his birth, and assuming office under a German-speaking oligarchy, with a French shrug of the shoulders, and a French sense of the humor of the situation. As bailli of Nyon, he represented the Berne government among the subject Vaudois during what were for Switzerland the most critical years of the Revolution, and the result was long remembered with bitterness at Berne. It was impossible for Bonstetten, with his mobile, impressible nature, and the Rousseau leaven in his composition, to assume that attitude of stern resistance towards the revolutionary ferment round

him, which the Berne patricians expected of one of their caste. He made himself a popular idol; but while the Vaudois adored him, the home government held his conduct to be mere dangerous trifling with his country's interests, and he was recalled from his post in 1792.

He spent the next few years on his property in the Jura, surrounded with friends, and living the life of the seigneur and the man of letters, which suited him best. In 1798 he was once more employed by the Bernese authorities, who, as a last chance, sought to utilize his personal popularity among the revolted Vaudois. But it was too late. Buonaparte was at the gates. With the absorption of Geneva into France, and the formation of the new Canton du Léman, Bonstetten's official life came to an end. He went back to Berne for a while, to find himself torn to pieces between the aristocrats and the party of revolution; and finally, to escape being forced to help in the drafting of the democratic constitution and in the formation of the new directory which was to replace the government of his own order, he fled from Berne by night, and a few weeks later he had left Switzerland behind him, and entered upon a three years' exile. "I have withdrawn altogether from affairs," he writes to his friend Frederica Broun. "Ces temps d'enfer ne sont pas faits pour moi!" "At the decisive moment," says M. Steinlen, whose judgment on Bonstetten as a politician is evidently that of the Bernese Conservative, "he had failed; like the Genevieve in 1792, he had shown 'de l'esprit et peu d'énergie,' and at the age of fifty-three the only future which remained to him seemed to be that of an obscure old age. On the contrary, it was only now that his true career was to begin."

Three years later Bonstetten returned to Switzerland. Berne as a place of residence was for many reasons impossible. His early memories drew him to Geneva, where society had already reorganized itself under French rule, and where his friend Frederica Broun proposed also to settle for a while. Here he passed the remaining thirty years of his life, a mere spectator of the political activities of the place, in which he never took any personal share, but socially one of the most brilliant members of a brilliant circle. On his settlement there, he seems to have made over his property in the Jura to his son, reserving to himself capital enough to ensure, as he supposed, a comfortable income. An unfortunate investment, how-

ever, reduced this capital by one-half. Bonstetten sat for two days in his arm-chair after the news reached him, his eyes fixed on the ground, almost without speaking; then, without a complaint, he reduced his establishment, recovered his cheerfulness completely, and never afterwards alluded to his loss. His *appartement*, which occupied part of a house whose gloomy exterior gave no signs of the pleasantness within, looked out over the Terrasse de La Treille, in full view of the Jura and the Alps, and of the two rivers, the Rhone and the Arve, mingling their streams below the beautiful woods of La Bâtie. A sort of tent arranged on the balcony enabled the owner of the rooms to work out of doors during the summer, and here Bonstetten was most commonly to be found, book or pen in hand, or else surrounded by friends, playing the host as he alone could play it, with the manners of the *ancien régime*, and a flow of epigram worthy of one of the most distinguished members of the Coppet salon.

During the early years of his second Genevese residence, he made indeed one of Madame de Staël's regular circle, and after his Italian visit in 1802-3 it was she who listened to the charming book which was the fruit of it—"Un Voyage en Latium"—and who encouraged him to forsake the German, in which he had hitherto composed, for the French idiom, which was so infinitely better suited to his temperament and to the lightness and crispness of all his mental processes. Bonstetten gives an amusing account of this French transformation of his in his letters to Madame Broun:—

Nothing could be more comic [he says] than the history of my French book; I read some of it from time to time to some of my friends, and am gradually becoming indifferent to the criticisms which I feel I do not deserve. What Necker blames, Sismondi admires; it is the same with style as it is with dress. "For heaven's sake, don't use such a word, or you are lost; if you are to write French, you must say so and so." This French is a diabolical language! Some day I shall write on the two languages among which I have lived. The attention which the French give to style is exaggerated. It is more a matter of fashion than of reason.

His letters to Madame Broun are full of sketches of the Coppet world. We see that, like many others of Madame de Staël's admirers, he disliked Schlegel and Benjamin Constant; but his visits to Cop-

pet were none the less assiduous and none the less fruitful on that account.

I have just come back with Müller from Coppet [in 1804 he writes] having spent two days there, and I am feeling perfectly stupid, shaken altogether out of my ordinary tranquillity of mind, tired out by a debauch of intelligence. There is more intellectual enjoyment to be got out of a day at Coppet than out of a year anywhere else. The good Sismondi is completely bewildered. He confessed to me yesterday that everything and everybody outside Coppet seemed to him to be sunk in crass ignorance. I consoled him as best I could. He wants to go to Germany to see great men for himself, but I advised him rather to go to Greece !

In the latter years of the life at Coppet, Bonstetten suffered, however, as Sismondi did, from the deepening irritability, the growing sombreness, of Madame de Staël, and some of his letters contain curious accounts of the various shifts by which Corinne at different times sought to defend herself against her circumstances. Apropos of the mysticism which invaded the Coppet household about 1808, he writes to his friend : —

Nothing is more changed than our Coppet world. You will see all these people will become Catholics, Boehmists, Martinists, above all, Germans, thanks to Schlegel. — When Madame de Staël is alone in her carriage, she reads mystical books. — If Geneva turns mystical, I am off to Paris or Sicily !

In 1812 Coppet was suddenly forsaken by its mistress, and for some time her old home knew her no more. The events of 1814, however, restored her to Geneva, to freedom, to sovereignty, and Corinne passed two more brilliant summers beside the mountains which had sheltered her exile, — "no longer humiliated, proscribed, struggling in the grip of the eagle, but *feted* by the great, sought after by kings, and directing, as it seemed for the moment, the whole intellectual movement of the age." Bonstetten joyfully resumed his old place beside her, but it was not for long. The pressure of public misfortune had been removed, only to be succeeded by that of private grief. M. Rocca was dying; Madame de Staël was soon seen to be herself fatally ill. In the autumn of 1816 Bonstetten saw her for the last time, on her departure for Paris.

I still see [he says, writing to Madame Broun after her death] the place in her salon where she took leave of me before starting for Paris. I was gay and happy, and offered her my hand, saying, "Au revoir." But she gave me a look in return so deeply sad, that as I went away I

debated with myself whether I should not go back to her. I decided, however, that she was probably thinking of my advanced age, and that she might never see me again; and I went on my way. It was an eternal farewell.

And he adds, in a later letter : —

I can never see the poplars waving over her tomb without a pang. I miss her like a part of myself — my thought has lost its right hand.

Bonstetten's grief for the friends who dropped out of his ken was sincere and deep. "Ce qui est léger n'est pas toujours infidèle," was a saying of his own, and his own temperament bore it out. Certainly he was neither faithless nor forgetful, but he was so made, that as the old sources of happiness dried up new ones perpetually opened before him. In the society of Geneva after 1814 he took an increasingly large share, and every year seemed to bring him fresh friends and fresh interests. He worked the whole of the morning, and the whole of the afternoon and evening he talked. He refused altogether to regard himself, or to let others regard him, as an old man. "At seventy," says Sainte-Beuve, "he attained his full maturity — a maturity which he maintained for twelve years more; up to eighty-two and even beyond he was at his best." He had been old at Berne between the ages of thirty and forty. At Geneva, thanks to what he himself called a "courage of the soul," which refused to regard death as an enemy or as anything but a passage from one activity to another, and to a constant "intellectual gymnastic" which kept the mind in health, he remained young and vigorous almost to his dying day.

His range of friendships and of interests was enormous. Merely to recall the names connected with them thrills the mind with a keen sense of changing epochs and ideas. In his boyhood, as we have seen, he fell across Rousseau and talked with Voltaire. At twenty he was the friend of Gray and Johann von Müller; in middle life we find him the constant companion of Madame de Staël; while, after 1814, he made acquaintance with Byron, and his house was the favorite meeting-place of the distinguished Englishmen and Englishwomen of whom so many passed through Geneva in the brilliant years of the Restoration. With German society he was connected by his friendship with Matthisson and Zschokke, and by his correspondence with various members of the Württemberg family; while, in his later years, we find him dis-

cussing Lamartine and listening with enthusiasm to Victor Hugo's "Hernani." From Rousseau to "Hernani"! The great tradition which the two names represent is at bottom one and the same; but what long and vital years of change intervened between the rise of Romanticism in Rousseau and its full flower in Victor Hugo! Of these disastrous and yet fruitful years, Bonstetten was throughout the sympathetic and intelligent spectator. He was sufficiently with Rousseau to see in the difficult evolution of the modern order cause rather for hope than for despondency, while at the same time the bright common sense, the optimistic moderation, which were his characteristic heritage from the eighteenth century, kept him from caring overmuch for this cause or for that, and so preserved him from that wear and tear of soul which shortened the lives of so many of his contemporaries. His books are delightful fragmentary records of his own impressions and experiences in the course of what, in common with M. Renan, he might have called "ma charmante promenade à travers la réalité." His philosophical attempts were rather the results of sympathy with a current fashion than serious efforts to explain the puzzle of things. He was not a thinker, but a most delicate observer, an admirable letter-writer, a charming story-teller. His talent was neither political, nor speculative, nor literary first of all, but social; and Geneva pleased him as a place of residence because, after the break-up of the Calvinistic theocracy and the quieting down of the political disturbances of the late eighteenth century, the city of Calvin became for a while one of the great social centres of Europe. He threw himself into that exotic social life of hers, which makes a kind of brilliant interval between the austerity of her Puritan past and the exclusiveness of her radical present, with extraordinary zest and almost boyish energy; and as we call up before us the men and women who contributed to bring Geneva into the central European tradition from 1770 to 1830, Bonstetten stands out amongst them as, with the great exception of Voltaire, the most versatile, the best company of them all — a man born for enjoyment, for conversation, for friendship, and set apart, as it were, by nature, and through no fault of his own, from all the more strenuous and tragic forms of the human activity around him.

The relation of Sismondi to Geneva was a very different one. Jean Charles Léonard Simonde de Sismondi — to give his

name at its full and cumbersome length — was the son of a Genevese pastor, administering a parish at the foot of Mont Salève. The future historian was born at Geneva in 1773, and bore, to begin with, the name of Simonde only, his inheritance from the Dauphiné family of that name, who, driven out of France for religious reasons, had settled on Genevese territory in the sixteenth century. It was only many years later that Sismondi, convinced by his researches into Italian history that the Sismondis of Pisa were of the same blood as himself, assumed their name and arms, establishing his claim to both, as Sainte-Beuve points out, not by any legal instrument, but by the sixteen laborious volumes of the "Italian Republics." The young Simonde was sent to school at Geneva, and gave promise very early of the serious philanthropic turn of mind which was to distinguish him in after years. Even the schoolboys of Geneva, about 1780, were full of the spirit of Rousseau, and played at republican government in their games. Simonde was the Solon of the mimic state. "I was elected orator and legislator; the other civil and military offices were distributed equally among my comrades." From such pretty mimicry of politics the boy passed, at the end of his school life, into the desperate realities of the Revolution. 1791 saw the revival in Geneva of all the political passion which the aristocratic government of the place, with the help of Conservative allies from outside, had succeeded in keeping in check for a generation, and at the time when Bonstetten was holding sway at Nyon, Sismondi and his family were struggling through the dark days in which Geneva did its best to copy the Parisian Terror. During eighteen months the whole family settled in England, so as to be out of the way of the home troubles, and Sismondi at twenty found himself living in a seaside Sussex village, and gathering in a harvest of impressions from that English life and character, wherewith, in spite of his Italian and French origins, he was in fundamental sympathy throughout his career. The English rural climate, however, was not to be borne: Madame de Sismondi drooped under our harsh wintry skies, and the wanderers returned to Geneva. But they had ventured back too soon, and a fresh series of painful experiences drove them once more into exile. They sold the beautiful family residence of La Châtelaine, in the neighborhood of Geneva, retaining only the small estate of Chêne as a last link to the

country which had sheltered them so long, and, turning their faces southwards, set out for Italy, from which they had originally sprung, and in which they now probably looked forward to making a final settlement.

Charles, become apparently the head of the family by his father's death, fixed upon the beautiful Val de Nievole, near Lucca. Here they bought an estate, and the mother and son settled down into Italian country life, Sismondi dividing his day between literary work, for which he had already developed a strong aptitude, and farming. At Pescia he wrote his first book, "Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane," a book written entirely from the point of view of the Italian landowner; and to any bystander at the time it must have seemed tolerably certain that in the young author Geneva had lost and Italy gained a son. But in these deep, tenacious natures the sense of nationality dies hard, and it was not long before the Genevese fibre in Sismondi was set vibrating afresh. It is a curious story. He was brought back to Geneva by a dream. He dreamed one night that he was transported to his native place, and that a Genevese friend reproached him bitterly with having deserted his country and renounced his Genevese citizenship. He defended himself, first on the ground that the injustice and oppression of which his family had been the victims had broken the bonds between him and Geneva, and set him free to choose another country. But the friend was so little convinced by his arguments, and dwelt so eloquently upon "the patience, the constancy, the courage," which a man's first and true country has a right to demand of him, that Sismondi felt his resistance giving way. A new shame awoke in him. It was more than he could bear, he cried, to return to his country only to be a spectator of her misery and degradation; but let her only need him and claim his services, and were he at the end of the world he would be ready to obey the call. Thus protesting, he awoke, and the impression of his dream remained with him so strongly, that ultimately it won him back to Geneva, and he returned there in 1800, leaving his mother at La Pescia, but determined himself to resume his rightful citizenship, as far as circumstances would allow.

Very soon after his return, he made Madame de Staël's acquaintance, and the neighborhood of Coppet was probably very useful in strengthening the hold of Geneva upon him during the years which

followed. At first he seems to have been bewildered and out of place in the Coppet salon. He, the economist, the student, the man who, in his Tuscan valley had felt himself to be a model of Liberal enlightenment, was no match in rapidity and skill of intellectual fence for Madame de Staël and her circle. He felt himself for some time the stupid member of a brilliant society,—"ce bon Sismondi," Bonstetten calls him, as we have seen, evidently with a little touch of patronage in the words. But he learned after a while to hold his own. The success of his great book on the Italian republics, of which the first volume appeared in 1807, gave him confidence among his equals, and in the two journeys which he made with Madame de Staël to Italy and Vienna, his knowledge of men and things widened, and the strong outlines of the character softened a little. A new and more tractable Sismondi developed in him, and for a while it seemed as though he were to play much the same rôle in life as Bonstetten had now finally assumed—that of the talker, the *littérateur*, the looker-on. Under the conditions created by the French occupation of Geneva, it was impossible for him to take much share in political life; and during these years of intercourse with Coppet, broken by occasional visits to Paris, from which he would return excited by new impressions and surfeited with conversation, he must have felt the full attractiveness of that ideal of delicate and cultivated social enjoyment which enslaved Bonstetten from the beginning. But Sismondi's nature had deeper needs and more virile capacities than Bonstetten's, and the great years of 1814 and 1815 drew him heart and soul into the conflict which was convulsing Europe. During the greater part of 1814, indeed, he was an anxious spectator of the European drama from the solitudes of Pescia; but early in 1815 he went to Paris, and during the Hundred Days he played an interesting part, of which tolerably full records remain to us. Up to 1814, he had been a consistent opponent of Napoleon, on grounds of liberty; after the blunders of the Bourbon Restoration in that year, he went over to the empire as the only bulwark against what seemed to him the danger of an over-violent reaction against the principles of the Revolution throughout Europe. He accepted Napoleon's constitutional promises with enthusiasm, and in his well-known interview with the emperor, in which his services as a writer were secured to the new régime, we see

him pressing the ideas of the Genevese publicist upon the conqueror of Jena with a *naïveté* which supplies one more illustration of the inadequacy of a mere literary training for the man of affairs.

When the inevitable end came, Sismondi withdrew to Geneva to watch with bitterness and revolt the triumph of the Allies, and the universal rerudescence of aristocratic and Conservative opinion. His irritation found vent and relief near home in a *brochure* directed against the new Genevese constitution which had been forced upon the town by the Conservative majority in the Swiss Diet, and which was a good deal too aristocratic in tone to suit Sismondi. His pamphlet scandalized his Genevese friends no less than his espousal of the Napoleonic cause had done, and they persuaded him to withdraw it. Presently his mood sobered down; he found himself associated in a moderate Liberal opposition to the new Genevese government with men like Dumont, Rossi, Bellet, and De la Rive, and, after his entrance into the Representative Council, he took an active share in the practical reforms which marked the first year of the new Constitution. In 1817 he began his history of France; while in 1819 his marriage with a sweet-tempered and religious Englishwoman marked the beginning of twenty years of happy family life, only saddened towards the close by the pressure of public anxiety, and the miseries of physical decline.

Of his life as a Genevese citizen very few records remain. After his experience of 1815, the political interests of Geneva may well have seemed to him somewhat small and parochial.

The Parliament of our little Republic has assembled [he writes to Madame d'Albany] and I am practising myself in speaking, for we have forbidden written speeches, and I am quite unaccustomed to speak extempore. However, I am beginning, and I hope to learn it in time. After having made part of *la grande nation*, our Geneva seems to me much smaller than it formerly did, and I cannot help thinking sometimes, when we are most excited, that we are like little girls playing at "grown-ups." However, the passions which are generated among us are genuine enough, and we can at any rate produce a spirit of political calumny robust enough to vie with that current in the biggest state in Europe.

Time passed on. 1830 arrived, and Sismondi saw with delight the final overthrow of the French Bourbons. He and Bonstetten watched the news from Paris with almost equal eagerness. But Sis-

mondi's heart was in the matter, and when the Orleanist government began to make mistakes, he suffered; while Bonstetten, who was too old to suffer, only saw in them fresh matter of curiosity and interest. "I saw Sismondi,—*ce grave et chaleureux publiciste*," says M. de Circuit, in an unpublished memoir quoted by Sainte-Beuve, "literally drunk with joy over what he called this great success. Bonstetten, more moderate in his expressions, gave vent to an applause none the less heartfelt. When the hour of disappointment came, Sismondi could have wept; Bonstetten only smiled; it was but one caprice the more to be laid to the account of his 'dear incorrigible humanity.'"

Sismondi, however, was destined before his death to experience at the hands of this "incorrigible humanity" disappointments which touched him more closely and painfully than could any blunders of French politicians. In the later years of his life he saw the Swiss horizon darkening round him. Like Rossi, he foresaw the rise and growth of those federal difficulties which were ultimately solved in a Radical and centralist sense by the war of the Sonderbund, while in Geneva itself he watched the gradual weakening of the Restoration system of government and the gradual growth of the Radical party under James Fazy, and was finally a witness of the *émeutes* of 1841, and of the Constituent Assembly which was to give a new political organization to the republic. Like so many of the Liberals of 1815, Sismondi had seen himself gradually relegated by the process of time to the ranks of a true Conservatism. Like Rossi, his ideal was an ideal of ordered and rational liberty; English constitutionalism was to him the model form of government, and for all his deep sympathy with the people, a sympathy which governed his whole life, and led him in his last years to protest against the excessive substitution of machine for hand labor and to employ the old and broken-down workmen whom nobody else would employ, rather than deprive them of a last chance of bread-winning,—the sour and intolerant Radicalism which he saw spreading over Europe after 1830, and which invaded Geneva under Fazy, repelled him both as thinker, Christian, and patriot. His last public act was a speech in the Constituent Assembly of 1841, protesting bitterly against the means employed and the spirit displayed in the Radical rising which had overthrown the government. He was

then in the last stages of a deadly disease, and it was only by the most terrible effort that he could get through the speech.

This Assembly [he wound up indignantly, after recapitulating the injustice with which the fallen Government had been treated] has sat for two days (17th and 18th of December, 1841), and its first act has been to suppress the prayer by which, during the whole existence of the Republic, our meetings have always been opened. Thus has the freest people of our ancient Europe shown itself unworthy of freedom; thus has it in some sort, as it were, betrayed the whole cause of liberty for the human race!

Six months later, one of the most conscientious of workers and one of the kindest of men had passed away, and the memory of his last public appearance remained with his friends as a dramatic protest on the part of the old Geneva against the new. In a sort of literary testament which he left behind him, he thus explained himself to those who loved him: —

I am a Protestant, but I have no sense of enmity towards any religious feeling of love, faith, hope, or charity, under whatever banner it may show itself. I am a Republican; but while my heart retains the ardent love of liberty bequeathed to me by my fathers, whose destinies were bound up with those of two republics, and while it cherishes hatred for all tyranny, I trust that I have never shown myself insensible either to that reverence for ancient and illustrious memories, which is the safeguard of virtue in the nobler races, or to that sublime devotion of a nation to its chief, which has so often raised and dignified a people.

And in spite of the deep political depression which clouded his last days, he would not allow that he or his party had been conquered in the triumph of Radicalism. The ideal of a generous, philanthropic, tolerant, and yet God-fearing liberty, to which his life had been devoted, had never yet been tried, and certainly had never failed. "The banner under which I have marched," — so he would have it, — "has never yet been unfurled in the combat."

We have thus attempted, in these separate sketches of three remarkable men, to bring out the broad lines of the life of Geneva during the quarter of a century which followed the Restoration. In the career of Rossi we have found the best illustration available of the intellectual hospitality of Geneva, of its respect for knowledge, its openness to influences from without, and its readiness in those

halcyon days to accommodate itself to other ways of thinking and other nationalities than its own. Bonstetten's career has brought into relief for us the social cosmopolitanism of the place, and all the varied attractions which helped to make Geneva pleasant to the traveller of sixty years ago; while in Sismondi we have seen the ancient pieties of the Protestant Rome, its religious temper, its moral enthusiasms, its austere political sense, embodied in typical fulness and strength. With the death of Sismondi and the Revolution of 1841, Geneva entered upon a new phase of life. In some sense the Radical transformation which the city has undergone during the last forty years has been the strange and, in many respects certainly, the mischievous and untoward result, of that historic hospitality which has made her famous for three centuries. Just as the large immigration of French and Italian refugees, which she received during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, led to the political disturbances of the eighteenth, when the attitude of the *nativi*, or class of settlers without political rights in the place, towards the burgher and patrician families, reminds us of some of the earliest problems of the history of Rome — so the rapid growth of the population after 1815, a growth accounted for by the favorable political and social conditions of Geneva after the Restoration, led to a still further weakening of the specific Genevese spirit which had already undergone such great changes in the course of the previous century. Up to 1830 Geneva was still the walled town of the Middle Ages from which Rousseau had made his escape, and therazing of the old fortifications, and the rapid extension of the city along the lake in the years which followed, was the sign, not only of an outward, but of an inward transformation.

The most striking political change effected has been the complete ousting of the aristocracy of the town from any share in its politics. At the present day, a young man bearing one of the old Genevese family names has no political career open to him in his native town. He must either confine himself to money-making, a pursuit for which the old Genevese families have always shown a special aptitude, or to the scientific interests which are still strong and vigorous in the town of De Saussure and De Candolle; or he must find a political opening outside Geneva. The Genevese democracy, speaking generally and with exceptions, will

have none of him. Of this great change, the principal author was M. James Fazy. Fazy, who was born in 1810, and died four years ago, after an old age of absolute retirement from politics, was a man imbued with the more extreme ideas of the Revolution, and who had learnt his trade as an agitator in Paris as well as in Geneva. After helping in his first youth to found *Le Journal de Genève* he was, while still a boy, one of the most active workers in the French Liberal press under Charles X., and his name appeared among the list of journalists who protested against the famous *Ordonnances*. On his return to Geneva, which seems to have been about 1830, he found the materials for a great democratic success ready to his hand. During the last ten years of its rule the aristocracy managed its affairs badly. Switzerland had been deeply moved by the ideas of 1830, and Radicalism was making steady and sometimes violent progress in every canton of the confederation. The Genevese government had no chance of success in a policy of mere resistance. This, however, was what it gradually drifted into after Rossi's departure. Various popular demands, with that for universal suffrage at the head of the list, were again and again refused by the Representative Council, in the debates of which the Liberal minority gradually ceased to take any part; and when at last certain concessions were attempted in 1841, it was too late. The mob was in the streets; under threats of violence the government resigned, and the Constituent Assembly met.

For six years more the conservative party, even under a *régime* of universal suffrage, managed to secure, on the whole, a preponderant influence in the State; that is to say, birth, wealth, and education, were still able for a while to hold their own against numbers. But M. Fazy was at work all the while, and the democratic tide was rising. The lukewarmness of the government in 1846, when it became a question of using the common strength of the confederation for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Lucerne, and so weakening — according to the view of the men in power — the principle of cantonal self-government, afforded a fresh pretext for disturbance. The Conservatives were attacked, not only as aristocrats, but as Jesuits in disguise; street fighting was once more threatened, the partisans of the older *régime* were finally overthrown, and M. Fazy became head of the government.

Fazy's administration, after a first bril-

liant period during which an enormous amount of building was done, which kept the lower class employed and in good humor, when the city extended itself in all directions, and splendid quays arose along the lake, proved ultimately to be a source neither of honor nor of profit to Geneva. The financial resources of the city, which had been admirably managed during the twenty years following the Restoration, were after a time exhausted, and heavy loans were necessary for the carrying on of the extravagant public works which were the price of Fazy's popularity. Meanwhile Fazy's private career scandalized all that was still left of the old Puritan spirit in the town; and he found himself more and more driven for support to the Catholic communes which had been added to Geneva after 1815, districts à propos of which Talleyrand launched his famous *mot* — “*Messieurs les Génois déclarent leur territoire et ils enclavent leur religion!*” The truth of the epigram was abundantly shown when Fazy sought and obtained the support of the Ultramontane clergy in the annexed districts, for his crusade against the institutions which had been so long the life and marrow of Geneva.

The growth of an independent Radical party, imbued with a spirit of resistance to Fazy's dictatorship, and with a strong sense of the moral deterioration for which his rule was responsible in Geneva, at last, in 1864, brought a disastrous *régime* to an end, and since then it may be said that the characteristic Genevese qualities have to some extent re-asserted themselves in the administration of the canton. But the rule of the Genevese aristocracy has forever passed away, and with it the peculiar charm and distinction of which Genevese society could boast at the Restoration. Another Geneva, with other claims upon our sympathy, may be in time evolved; meanwhile the period of transition and of social conflict has had disastrous effects upon the finer minds of the place. The depression of the conquered upper class after 1841 and 1846 may be imagined. It took the most different forms. Some of the old families found refuge in the more mystical and sentimental forms of religion brought in by the *Réveil*, which was started about 1840 by certain Scotch ministers. Gausson, Merle d'Aubigné, César Malan, were the heroes and apostles of the new faith, and much of the energy which would otherwise have found its way into politics, was devoted after 1846 to the service of the *Oratoire*,

its services, its charities, or its theological school. Many of the Conservatives left the town; others shut themselves up in their great houses in the upper city, and devoted themselves to literature and science; while in some there lingered a spirit of combat, which was only quenched as years went on by a growing sense of the hopelessness of the struggle. This fighting temper in the beaten party is well illustrated by some letters of the novelist Rodolphe Töpffer, which have been recently published by M. Eugène Rambert in his pleasant series of essays on the "National Writers of Switzerland." Töpffer has been a great deal read in England, where his delightful stories, with their delicate humor, their individuality, and their French, which is exquisite and yet not quite French, have spread a certain amount of knowledge among us of Genevese life as it was in 1830, or thereabouts. No one who has ever enjoyed it will forget the special flavor of Töpffer's writing,—the ease with which, in the "Bibliothèque de mon Oncle," or the "Voyages en Zigzag," or the lighter scenes of the "Presbytère," he takes the commonest and most trivial incidents of life, and gives them a dainty, humorous charm, which secures them a place in literature, or the tenderness which lies beneath his humor, and beguiles the reader into a constant sympathy not only with the writer but with the man. These letters published by M. Rambert show us the gentle, versatile satirist in another light. We see him as the citizen and the politician, full of a bitter sense of wrong and public disaster, and boiling over with an indignation which still keeps an air of comedy here and there, even in its hottest fits.

After this fatal day [he writes, *à propos* of the street disturbances which overthrew the government of 1841] in which so many hopes, so many safeguards, so many things which were to make the joy of our old age, have foundered together, we have all of us a strong sense of having suddenly grown old. I feel it so at least, and it seems to me as though with my past life I had buried all my dreams for the future. The other day, as we came out of the Council, I met De Candolle, and I could not refrain from congratulating him on the death of his father (the famous botanist), thus withdrawn from our midst before he could be called upon to be a spectator of the fall of the Republic which he had tenderly loved and warmly served . . . The more I loved my good little government of the old days, the more lastingly and enthusiastically I shall always love whoever in this memorable assembly (the Constituent Assembly of 1841) has

played the part of a man, and stood shoulder to shoulder with us in this new Retreat of the Ten Thousand. There is nothing left for you and me, for S—, D—, or T—, but to choose four or five little hillocks, and put a brave end to ourselves one after another thereupon. It is no longer a time for skilful tactics; it is a time for heroic resistance, for brave feats of desperate men, for the four or five marksmen withdrawing from rock to rock and slaying as they go!

One more extract and we have done. It is taken from the work of a man of a very different type,—a man whose life was shadowed and sterilized by the social discords of Geneva, but who retained to the end, in the midst of religious doubt and patriotic misgivings, some of the most characteristic notes of the true Genevese temper. Henri-Frédéric Amiel, whose "*Journal Intime*" will suffice to keep his memory green among those who care for delicacy and tenderness of thought, was intellectually and morally a victim of the Radical revolution and the hatreds it engendered. He came back to Geneva at the moment when James Fazy, in 1848 and 49 was carrying the Radical war into the heart of the institutions which had been for so long the stronghold of the aristocracy. Almost all the Conservative professors had been expelled from the Academy, and Amiel, then a young man, accepted one of the vacant chairs. He thereby stamped himself as one of the "new men," and cut himself off from intercourse with the cultivated class to which he properly belonged; so that socially he was isolated, while intellectually he was hampered by that difficulty of production which is the curse of many fine natures, and religiously he had drifted away from most of the old landmarks of his boyish faith. But in spite of difficulty and doubt and loneliness, he was Genevese to the core. In the midst of his freest speculations, we see the Calvinistic ideas of sin and grace and justification by faith reasserting a strange and unexpected hold over him, and in his last months of illness he rouses himself to take a passionate interest in the fate of the national Church, which in 1880 was threatened with disestablishment, and to feel the warmest joy when an appeal to the people results in a victory for the Church. We may wind up our sketch of Genevese development since 1814 with a passage in which, after describing the principal national fête-day, he gives us his last thoughts on the true rôle of Geneva, and on the vital issues which depend for her on the maintenance

of her political and intellectual individuality in the face of Europe.

6th July, 1880. — Magnificent weather. The College prize day. Towards evening I went with our three ladies towards the plain of Plainpalais. There was an immense crowd, and every face was bright. The festival wound up with the traditional fireworks under a calm and starry sky.

Here we have the Republic indeed, I thought, as I came in. For a whole week this people has been out of doors, camping like the Athenians on the Agora. Since Wednesday, lectures and public meetings have followed one another without intermission; at home there are pamphlets and journals, while haranguing goes on at the clubs. On Sunday, *plébiscite*; Monday, public procession, service at St. Pierre, speeches at Molard's, festival for the adults. Tuesday, the college fête-day; Wednesday the fête-day of the primary schools.

Geneva is a cauldron always at boiling-point, a furnace of which the fires are never extinguished. This town is certainly one of the anvils of the world, on which the greatest number of projects have been hammered out. When one thinks that the martyrs of all causes have been at work here, the mystery is explained a little; but the truest explanation is that Geneva, Republican, Protestant, Democratic, learned and industrial Geneva, has for centuries depended on herself alone for the solution of her own problems. Ever since the Reformation she has been always on the alert, marching with a lantern in her left hand and a sword in her right. It pleases me to see that she has not yet become a mere copy of anything, and that she is still capable of deciding for herself. Those who say to her, "Do as they do at New York, at Paris, at Rome, at Berlin," are still in the minority. The doctrinaires who would split her up and destroy her unity are but voices crying in the wilderness; she divines the danger before her and turns away. I like this proof of vitality. Only that which is original has a sufficient reason for existence. When the word of command comes from elsewhere, a country is nothing more than a province, and our small nationalities are ruined by the hollow cosmopolitan formulæ which destroy our patriotism, while they have an equally disastrous effect upon our Art and Letters.

From Chambers' Journal.
A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.
BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHERE is George? I scarcely ever see him," said the general in querulous tones. "He is always after that girl of Waring's. Why don't you try to keep him at home?"

Mrs. Gaunt did not say that she had done her best to keep him at home, but found her efforts unsuccessful. She said apologetically: "He has so very little to amuse him here; and the music, you know, is a great bond."

"He plays like a beginner; and she, like a — like a — as well as a professional. I don't understand what kind of bond that can be."

"So much the greater a compliment is it to George that she likes his playing," responded the mother promptly.

"She likes to make a fool of him, I think," the general said; "and you help her on. I don't understand your tactics. Women generally like to keep their sons free from such entanglements; and after getting him safely out of India, where every man is bound to fall into mischief —"

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Gaunt, "if it ever should come to that — think, what an excellent connection! I wish it had been Frances; I do wish it had been Frances. I had always set my heart on that. But the connection would be the same."

"You knew nothing about the connection when you set your heart on Frances. And I can't help thinking there is something odd about the connection. Why should that girl have come here, and why should the other one be spirited away like a transformation scene?"

"Well, my dear, it is in the Peerage," said Mrs. Gaunt. "Great families, we all know, are often very queer in their arrangements. But there can be no doubt it is all right, for it is in the Peerage. If it had been Frances, I should have been too happy. With such a connection, he could not fail to get on."

"He had much better get on by his own merits," retorted the general with a grumble. "Frances! Frances was not to be compared with this girl. But I don't believe she means anything more than amusing herself," he added. "This is not the sort of girl to marry a poor soldier without a penny — not she. She will take her fun out of him, and then —"

The general kissed the end of his fingers and tossed them into the air. He was, perhaps, a little annoyed that his son had stepped in and monopolized the most amusing member of the society. And perhaps he did not think so badly of George's chances as his manner of speaking would seem to indicate.

"You may be sure," said Mrs. Gaunt indignantly, "she will do nothing of the

kind. It is not every day that a girl gets a fine fellow like our George at her feet. He is just a little too much at her feet, which is always a mistake, I think. But still, general, you cannot but allow that Lord Markham's sister — ”

“ I have never seen much good come of great connections,” said the general; but though his tone was that of a sceptic, his mind was softer than his speech. He, too, felt a certain elation in the thought that the youngest, who was not the clever one of the family, and who had not been quite so steady as might have been desired, was thus in the way of putting himself above the reach of fate. For, of course, to be brother-in-law to a viscount was a good thing. It might not be of the same use as in the days when patronage ruled supreme; but still it would be folly to suppose that it was not an advantage. It would admit George to circles with which otherwise he could have formed no acquaintance, and make him known to people who could push him in his profession. George was the one about whom they had been most anxious. All the others were doing well in their way, though not a way which threw them into contact with viscounts or fine society. George would be over all their heads in that respect, and he was the one that wanted it most, he was the one who was most dependent on outside aid.

“ I don't quite understand,” said Mrs. Gaunt, “ what Constance's position is. She ought to be the Honorable, don't you think? The Honorable Constance sounds very pretty. It would come in very nicely with Gaunt, which is an aristocratic-sounding name. People may say what they like about titles, but they are very nice, there is such individuality in them. Mrs. George might be anybody; it might be me, as your name is George too. But the Honorable would distinguish it at once. When she called here, there was only Miss Constance Waring written on her father's card; but then you don't put Honorable on your card; and as Lady Markham's daughter — ”

“ Women don't count,” said the general, “ as I've often told you. She's Waring's daughter.”

“ Mr. Waring may be a very clever man,” said Mrs. Gaunt indignantly; “ but I should like to know how Constance can be the daughter of a viscountess in her own right without — ”

“ Is she a viscountess in her own right?”

This question brought Mrs. Gaunt to a sudden pause. She looked at him with a startled air. “ It is not through Mr. Waring, that is clear,” she said.

“ But it is not in her own right—at least, I don't think so; it is through her first husband, the father of that funny little creature” (meaning Lord Markham).

“ General!” said Mrs. Gaunt, shocked. Then she added: “ I must make some excuse to look at the Peerage this afternoon. The Durants have always got their Peerage on the table. We shall have to send for one too, if — ”

“ If what? If your boy gets a wife who has titled connections, for that is all. A wife! and what is he to keep her on, in the name of heaven?”

“ Mothers and brothers are tolerably close connections,” said Mrs. Gaunt with dignity. “ He has got his pay, general; and you always intended, of course, if he married to your satisfaction — Of course,” she added, speaking very quickly, to forestall an outburst, “ Lady Markham will not leave her daughter dependent upon a captain's pay. And even Mr. Waring—Mr. Waring must have a fortune of his own, or—or a person like that would never have married him; and he would not be able to live as he does, very comfortably, even luxuriously — ”

“ Oh, I suppose he has enough to live on. But as for pinching himself in order to enable his girl to marry your boy, I don't believe a word of it,” exclaimed the general. Fortunately, being carried away by this wave of criticism, he had forgotten his wife's allusion to his own intentions in George's favor; and this was a subject on which she had no desire to be premature.

“ Well, general,” she said, “ perhaps we are going a little too fast. We don't know yet whether anything will come of it. George is rather a lady's man. It may be only a flirtation; it may end in nothing. We need not begin to count our chickens — ”

“ Why, it was you!” cried the astonished general. “ I never should have remarked anything about it, or wasted a moment's thought on the subject!”

Mrs. Gaunt was not a clever woman, skilled in the art of leaving conversational responsibilities on the shoulders of her interlocutor; but if a woman is not inspired on behalf of her youngest boy, when is she to be inspired? She gave her shoulders the slightest possible shrug and left him to his newspaper. They had

a newspaper from England every morning — the *Standard*, whose reasonable Conservatism suited the old general. Except in military matters, such questions as the advance of Russia towards Afghanistan, or the defences of our own coasts, the general was not a bigot, and preferred his politics mild with as little froth and foam as possible. His newspaper afforded him occupation for the entire morning, and he enjoyed it in very pleasant wise, seated under his veranda with a faint suspicion of lemon blossom in the air, which ruffled the young olive-trees all around, and the blue breadths of the sea stretching far away at his feet. The garden behind was fenced in with lemon and orange trees, the fruit in several stages, and just a little point of blossom here and there, not enough to load the air. Mrs. Gaunt had preserved the wild flowers that were natural to the place, and accordingly had a scarlet field of anemones which wanted no cultivation, and innumerable clusters of the sweet white narcissus filling her little enclosure. These cost no trouble, and left Toni, the man of all work, at leisure for the more profitable culture of the oranges. From where the general sat, there was nothing visible, however, but the terraces descending in steps towards the distant glimpse of the road, and the light-blue margin, edged with spray, of the sea, under a soft and cheering sun, that warmed to the heart, but did not scorch or blaze, and with a soft air playing about his old temples, breathing freshness and that lemon bloom. Sometimes there would come a faint sound of voices from some group of workers among the olives. The little clump of palm-trees at the end of the garden — for nothing here is perfect without a palm or two — cast a fantastic shadow, that waved over the newspaper now and then. When a man is old and has done his work, what can he want more than this sweet retirement and stillness? But naturally, it was not all that was necessary to young Captain George.

Mrs. Gaunt went over to the Durants in the afternoon, as she so often did, and found that family, as usual, on their loggia. It cost her a little trouble and diplomacy to get a private inspection of the Peerage, and even when she did so, it threw but little light upon her question. Geoffrey Viscount Markham, fifteenth lord, was a name which she read with a little flutter of her heart, feeling that he was already almost a relation, and she read over the names of Markham Priory and Dunmorra,

his lodge in the Highlands, and the town address in Eton Square, all with a sense that by-and-by she might herself be directing letters from one or other of these places. But the Peerage said nothing about the dowager Lady Markham subsequent to the conclusion of the first marriage, except that she had married again, E. Waring, Esq.; and thus Mrs. Gaunt's studies came to no satisfactory end. She introduced the subject, however, in the course of tea. She had asked whether any one had heard from Frances, and had received a satisfactory reply.

"O yes; I have had two letters; but she does not say very much. They had gone down to the Priory for Easter; and she was to be presented at the first drawing-room. Fancy Frances in a court-train and feathers, at a drawing-room! It does seem so very strange," Tasie said. She said it with a slight sigh, for it was she, in old times, who had expounded society to little Frances, and taught her what in an emergency it would be right to do and say; and now little Frances had taken a stride in advance. "I asked her to write and tell us all about it, and what she wore."

"It would be white, of course."

"O yes, it would be white — a *débutante*. When *I* went to drawing-rooms," said Mrs. Durant, who had once, in the character of chaplainess to an embassy, made her courtesy to her Majesty, "young ladies' toilets were simpler than now. Frances will probably be in white satin, which, except for a wedding dress, is quite unsuitable, I think, for a girl."

"I wonder if we shall see it in the papers? Sometimes, my sister-in-law sends me a *Queen*," said Mrs. Gaunt, "when she thinks there is something in it which will interest me; but she does not know anything about Frances. Dear little thing, I can't think of her in white satin. Her sister, now —"

"Constance would wear velvet, if she could — or cloth of gold," cried Tasie, with a little irritation. Her mother gave her a reproving glance.

"There is a tone in your voice, Tasie, which is not kind."

"O yes; I know, mamma. But Constance is rather a trial. I know one ought not to show it. She looks as if one was not good enough to tie her shoes. And after all she is no better than Frances; she is not half so nice as Frances; but I mean there can be no difference of position between sisters — one is just as good

as the other; and Frances was so fond of coming here."

"Do you think Constance gives herself airs? O no, dear Tasie," said Mrs. Gaunt; "she is really not at all — when you come to know her. I am most fond of Frances myself. Frances has grown up among us, and we know all about her; that is what makes the difference. And Constance — is a little shy."

At this there was a cry from the family. "I don't think she is shy," said the old clergyman, whom Constance had insulted by walking out of church before the sermon.

"Shy!" exclaimed Mrs. Durant, "about as shy as —" But no simile occurred to her which was bold enough to meet the case.

"It is better she should not be shy," said Tasie. "You remember how she drove those people from the hotel to church. They have come ever since. They are quite afraid of her. Oh, there are some good things in her, some *very* good things."

"We are the more hard to please, after knowing Frances," repeated Mrs. Gaunt. "But when a girl has been like that, used to the best society — By the way, Mr. Durant, you who know everything, are sure to know — is she the Honorable? For my part, I can't quite make it out."

Mr. Durant put on his spectacles to look at her, as if such a question passed the bounds of the permissible. He was very imposing when he looked at any one through those spectacles with an air of mingled astonishment and superiority. "Why should she be an Honorable?" he said.

Mrs. Gaunt felt as if she would like to sink into the abysses of the earth — that is, through the floor of the loggia, whatever might be the dreadful depths underneath. "Oh, I don't know," she said meekly. "I — I only thought — her mother being a — a titled person, a — a viscountess in her own right —"

"But, my *dear* lady," said Mr. Durant, with a satisfaction in his superior knowledge which was almost unspeakable, "Lady Markham is *not* a viscountess in her own right. Dear, no. She is not a viscountess at all. She is plain Mrs. Waring, and nothing else, if right was right. Society only winks good-naturedly at her retaining the title, which she certainly, if there is any meaning in the peerage at all, forfeits by marrying a commoner."

Mrs. Durant and Tasie both looked with great admiration at their head and instructor as he thus spoke. "You may be sure Mr. Durant says nothing that he is not quite sure of," said the wife, crushing any possible scepticism on the part of the inquirer; and "Papa knows such a lot," added Tasie, awed, yet smiling, on her side.

"Oh, is that all?" said Mrs. Gaunt, greatly subdued. "But then, Lord Markham — calls her his sister, you know."

"The nobility," said Mr. Durant, "are always very scrupulous about relationships; and she *is* his step-sister. He wouldn't qualify the relationship by calling her so. A common person might do so, but not a man of high breeding, like Lord Markham — that is all."

"I suppose you must be right," said Mrs. Gaunt. "The general said so too. But it does seem very strange to me that the same woman's children, and she a lady of title, one should be a lord, and the other have no sort of distinction at all." They all smiled upon her blandly, every one ready with a new piece of information, and much sympathy for her ignorance, which Mrs. Gaunt, seeing that it was she who was likely to be related to Lord Markham, and not any of the Durants, felt that she could not bear; so she jumped up hastily and declared that she must be going, that the general would be waiting for her. "I hope you will come over some evening, and I will ask the Warings, and Tasie must bring her music. I am sure you would like to hear George's violin. He is getting on so well, with Constance to play his accompaniments;" and before any one could reply to her, Mrs. Gaunt had hurried away.

It is painful not to have time to get out your retort; and these excellent people turned instinctively upon each other to discharge the unflown arrows. "It is so very easy, with a little trouble, to understand the titles, complimentary and otherwise, of our own nobility," said Mr. Durant, shaking his head.

"And such a sign of want of breeding not to understand them," said his wife.

"The Honorable Constance would sound very pretty," cried Tasie; "it is such a pity."

"Especially, our friend thinks, if it was the Honorable Constance Gaunt."

"That she could never be, my dear," said the old clergyman mildly. "She might be the Honorable Mrs. Gaunt; but Constance, no — not in any case."

"I should like to know why?" Mrs. Durant said.

Perhaps here the excellent chaplain's knowledge failed him, or he had become weary of the subject; for he rose and said, "I have really no more time for a matter which does not concern us," and trotted away.

The mother and daughter, left alone together, naturally turned to a point more interesting than the claims of Constance to rank. "Do you really think, mamma," said Tasie, "do you really, really think — it is silly to be always discussing these sort of questions — but do you believe that Constance Waring actually — means anything?"

"You should say does George Gaunt mean anything. The girl never comes first in such a question," said Mrs. Durant, with that ingrained contempt for girls which often appears in elderly women. Tasie was so (traditionally) young, besides having a heart of sixteen in her bosom, that her sympathies were all with the girl.

"I don't think in this case, mamma," she said. "Constance is so much more a person of the world than any of us. I don't mean to say she is worldly. O no! but having been in society, and so much out."

"I should like to know in what kind of society she has been," said Mrs. Durant, who took gloomy views. "I don't want to say a word against Lady Markham; but society, Tasie, the kind of society to which your father and I have been accustomed, looks rather coldly upon a wife living apart from her husband. Oh, I don't mean to say Lady Markham was to blame. Probably she is a most excellent person; but the presumption is that at least, you know, there were — faults on both sides."

"I am sure I can't give an opinion," cried Tasie, "for, of course, I don't know anything about it. But George Gaunt has nothing but his pay; and Constance couldn't be in love with him, could she? O no! I don't know anything about it; but I can't think a girl like Constance —"

"A girl in a false position," said the chaplain's wife, "is often glad to marry any one, just for a settled place in the world."

"Oh, but not Constance, mamma! I am sure she is just amusing herself."

"Tasie! you speak as if she were the man," exclaimed Mrs. Durant, in a tone of reproof.

From The British Quarterly Review.
COUNT CAOUR'S LETTERS.*

THIS year has brought with it the issue of the fourth and concluding volume of Cavour's letters. The bulk of the complete work — the volumes in their paper covers weigh nearly eight pounds — will probably keep it out of the hands of the "general reader" even in Cavour's own country; but for those who care to look below the surface of the political transformation scenes of the middle of this century, or who wish to study the character of the most remarkable statesman Italy has produced since Machiavelli died, the collection of letters now before the world will have a value equalled by very few recent publications.

The juxtaposition here of these two names, Machiavelli and Cavour, might suggest an interesting comparison. They had not a few points in common: genius in statecraft, a commanding love of country, a desire — which in Cavour was also a resolve — to raise her from her degraded condition, if not by the best imaginable, then by the best possible means. Both have been traduced by those who understood them not, but it may be granted that neither the one nor the other would have hesitated long before adopting whatsoever measure he was persuaded was advantageous or essential to the end he had in view.

According to tradition, the family of Benco, which was invested with the marquisate of Cavour only in the last century, came to Piedmont from Saxony about the year 1080. Camillo's mother was of a noble family of French Huguenots, settled at Geneva. Cavour was therefore of mixed descent, and might with more aptness than D'Azeglio have repeated the latter's *mot*: "After having cried so indefatigably 'Out with the barbarians,' behold me a barbarian myself!" The earliest letter published, in point of date, is one written at the age of eleven to his "*chère tente*" (*sic*) the Marquise de Roussy, of which orthography and grammar go to prove that the future minister was by no means an infant prodigy. In fact, a few years before his mother had borne witness to the desperate sighs ("enough to break one's heart") which accompanied Camillo's acquirement of the alphabet. The same authority described the unwilling-

* C. Cavour: *Lettere Edite ed Inedite*. Raccolte ed illustrate da LUIGI CHIALA, Deputato al Parlamento. Torino: Roux e Favale. Quattro Volumi. 1833-4-5.

ing scholar as "bon luron, fort tapageur, et toujours en train de s'amuser." At sixteen he entered the army, after having passed two uncomfortable years as page to the then Prince of Carignano, a position exceedingly distasteful to his independent nature. Carlo Alberto was incensed by some expressions made use of by the youth on finally casting off the royal livery, and the two cordially disliked each other to the end of the chapter; a dislike which, on the king's part at least, passed down to his son, for it is to be doubted whether Victor Emmanuel ever felt at ease or in thorough sympathy with Cavour.

On Carlo Alberto's accession to the throne, the young soldier was transferred from Genoa to an out-of-the-way fortress in the Val d'Aoste, a measure he looked upon as banishment; and, taking umbrage thereat, he threw up his commission and left the army. In these early days he was full of ambitious dreams, which at the more advanced age of twenty-two he had come to regard as "castles in Spain." "I confess to you," he writes in 1832, "at the risk of your laughing at me, that there was a time when I believed that nothing was beyond my powers, and when I thought it quite natural that I should wake up one fine day *first minister of the kingdom of Italy*." Among self-predictions of future greatness these lightly written words may well be remembered. In the same year the Austrian police, who were really the most expert thought-readers of their day, had formed a judgment of the ex lieutenant's tendencies and character which does their intelligence the highest credit. Informed by them, the Austrian representative at the court of Turin wrote: "I consider him to be a most dangerous person, and all attempts that have been made to reclaim him have proved fruitless."

Cavour spent the winter of 1835 in France, and frequented the *salon* of the accomplished and amiable Comtesse de Circourt, who rallied round her all the best people of the aristocracies of birth and mind. Cavour was not self-conscious enough to give himself the airs of a woman-hater, and he went willingly into society when he had the time. Nevertheless a surprisingly small portion of his life — into which love seems never even to have glanced — was occupied with sitting at the feet of women. On the other hand, women appear to have always courted his friendship when they had the chance, and Ma-

dame de Circourt manifested the greatest interest in his welfare, recommending him, in the seeming barrenness of all openings for a young man of talent in Italy, to fix his residence permanently in Paris, and to enter the field of French literature. The letter in which he gives his reasons for not taking her advice is a noble piece of writing. "No, no," he says, "it is not by flying from one's country because she is unhappy that one can attain a glorious end. Woe be to him who abandons in contempt the land that gave him birth, who denies his brothers as unworthy of him! As for me, I am resolved never to separate my lot from that of the Piedmontese. Fortunate or unfortunate, my country shall have all my life; I would never be unfaithful to her, even were I sure elsewhere of finding a brilliant destiny."

In the face of public and political discouragement, Cavour threw himself into agricultural pursuits with as near an approach to enthusiasm as his matter-of-fact temperament allowed. "Agriculture," he wrote, "has been the refuge of all defeated parties." He dwelt on the benefit that ought to accrue to a poor and ignorant peasant population from the presence amongst them of a well-to-do and educated family. "This benefit makes but little show and no noise; newspapers do not celebrate it, and it is not crowned by moral or other academies, but it is none the less immense. It is so easy for a good and enlightened proprietor to win the affection and respect of all who surround him, that he can, without much trouble, acquire a moral influence far stronger and more efficacious than the merely material influence which the possessor of the soil once owed to the feudal system." One would think that he drew his picture rather from an English than from an Italian model, for in Italy country life has been looked upon too much as a momentary exile from the streets and the *cafés* during the time of year when the heat makes towns desolate. And even as exiles do not commonly feel much interest in the place of their banishment, so have these Italian proprietors concerned themselves but little about the people or the affairs of their country estates, leaving everything in the hands of the irrepressible *fattore*, or steward — sometimes an honest man who does the best he can by the peasants and the *padrone*, but often, inevitably, the tyrant and oppressor of the former and the plunderer of the latter. It is not rare for the master, through incapacity and indolence, to keep

no count at all of the state of his affairs ; only the other day it was discovered by a mere chance that a Lombard nobleman (Count Melzi) had been robbed by his agent of £8,000, without his having the faintest suspicion that anything was wrong. But we should never end if we continued to digress on this theme. Cavour regarded a wiser and more liberal cultivation of the land as the most effectual barrier against revolution, and it is indeed unfortunate that we have not in Italy to-day a man of his stamp to cope with the agricultural crisis which weighs now upon the country.

Cavour's political work began with the reorganization of Piedmont after the cataclysm of 1849. Carlo Alberto had failed to meet the death he sought on the field of Novara, but he had found it in the solitude of a foreign shore, and by the tragedy of his end he had at least in part obliterated the bitter memories of his years of hesitation and defection from the national cause. "Hamlet of monarchy," he had fallen crushed under a task too heavy for his strength. The young king opened his reign under circumstances as unfavorable as could well be conceived. The army demoralized, the administration in confusion, a strong party within the State supporting the incessant pressure which came from without — from Austria and Prussia — having for its purpose the suppression of those liberties granted under the statute which alone, of the mushroom growth of constitutions that had sprung up in the hour of princely terror, survived as a guarantee that freedom was not dead on every inch of Italian soil. Cavour thought it necessary to teach the clerical and reactionary party that its hopes of regaining the ascendancy it had enjoyed under Carlo Alberto were illusory. This was certainly the main object of the bill for the suppression of convents, introduced by his government, which, by openly defying the influence of the Church, caused an uproar that seemed likely to imperil not only the ministry but almost the monarchy. There was a moment when Victor Emmanuel appeared to lose nerve; and at that juncture, once the measure presented, to have receded a step would have been fatal. The king was in truth sorely tried, as he wrote in November, 1854, to General La Marmora, "My mother and my wife do nothing but tell me that they will die of grief on my account — you may think how agreeable all this is to me!"

When at the opening of the next year

his mother and his wife actually died, it was of course pointed to as a judgment of heaven. The Marquis d'Azeglio, who possessed his confidence more fully than Cavour ever did, wrote to him a brief but admirable letter. D'Azeglio had not approved of the introduction of the famous bill, but he said that once introduced, there was nothing to do but to stand by it and its supporters. "This is no question of religion, but of interest," he said; "Piedmont suffers from all ills, but that it should fall again beneath the priestly yoke — no, that may not be!"

Meanwhile Cavour, who remembered what befell Santa Rosa, had sent for a monk on whom he had full reliance, and who parted from him with the words: "The day that you lie upon your death-bed, depend on me; I will not refuse you the sacraments." And Padre Giacomo kept his word.

The king stood firm, the bill was passed, and the storm calmed down. Another measure of immense moment to Piedmont and Italy was in hand — the despatch of a Piedmontese contingent to the Crimea. In this Cavour had Victor Emmanuel cordially with him, but the step was thought by many to be a piece of wild infatuation. "Success is a great justification," as Kosuth said later, "but the stroke was hazardous and perilous." Cavour himself wrote: "I have assumed a tremendous responsibility; it matters not; come what may, my conscience assures me that I have fulfilled a sacred duty." And again, to the Comtesse de Circourt: "Since it has pleased Providence that Piedmont alone in Italy should be free and independent, it behoves Piedmont to make use of her freedom and independence to plead before Europe the cause of the unhappy peninsula." It was to strengthen the voice of his country, to give her a right to be heard in the councils of nations, that he sent forth that little army which was a pleasure to all beholders, and which on the Tchernaja won the respect of all by its discipline and valor. Of all Cavour's political acts, this alliance with France and England in 1855 was probably the most far-seeing.

A year later the minister was heard to say, "In three years we shall have the real war." He had without doubt already conceived the idea of drawing Napoleon III. into the contest for Italian independence. In July, 1858, took place his memorable interview with the French emperor at Plombières, in which the project was broached and the plan of its execution

was marked out. It is a moot point whether Cavour, with all his *finesse*, would have been able to bring Louis Napoleon to the desired understanding had not the pleading of one dead still sounded in his ears — a pleading backed by the menace of a certain doom.

Napoleon's early entanglements with the Carbonaro party in the Romagna gave to the men who threatened his life a power — a leverage, one may say — which the ordinary political assassin does not and cannot possess. Nor was Felice Orsini in any sense an ordinary political assassin. He was a democrat, but not an anarchist; and being once in command at Ancona on an outbreak of anarchical passions, he had severely repressed them and effected the restoration of order.

What passed between him and Napoleon after his abortive attempt will never be precisely known, but it is unquestionable that he went to the scaffold with a heart content and satisfied in the belief that it would not be long before a blow was struck for Italy.

Cavour always expressed an abhorrence, which was certainly quite sincere, of political assassination. But he was not the man not to make use of the influence which the fear of it exercised over Napoleon's mind. "Cavour," wrote the prince consort to the king of the Belgians, "loses no opportunity of stimulating this fear, and gives him [the emperor] the whip every now and then in the shape of stories of new discoveries, plans of assassination, attempts against his life." "Unfortunately," wrote the prince regent of Prussia (the emperor William), "the Italian dagger has become an *idée fixe* with Napoleon."

Thus Cavour had the ground to a certain degree cleared before him. But Louis Napoleon, though not averse to doing something for Italy, had his mind fully made up to get all the advantage he could out of the transaction. Of all he hoped to get there is hardly any means of estimating. Not only a great slice of the Piedmontese provinces, and perhaps the island of Sardinia, but also Naples for a cousin Murat and Tuscany for a cousin Napoleon were included in his ultimate views. His demands, however, during the interview at Plombières were more modest, and yet how unspeakably onerous to a king of the Savoy race — the cradle of his ancient house and his fair, sweet, innocent child!

Victor Emmanuel had beforehand resigned himself to the sacrifice of Savoy,

bitter though it was to him; but to the sacrifice of his sixteen-year-old daughter he could not at once agree. The letter by which Cavour sought to wring from him his consent is one of the most characteristic documents in the present collection. For the proposed bridegroom he could not say much; the strongest point he could adduce in his favor being, that on one occasion he had forsaken the pleasures of the carnival in Paris to pay a visit to a dying mistress, a great actress whose troubled existence was ebbing away at Cannes. The act was laudable, but on the whole, in all its bearings, it does seem an extraordinary reminiscence to bring before the father of the princess whose hand was now demanded. Cavour goes on, with undeniable force, to ask the king whom he proposes to accept as a son-in-law if the present offer be refused. Eligible princes are scarce; and is it not, after all, the natural and predestined doom of princesses to be unhappy in marriage? And to support his argument he takes the case of the marriages, still recent, of the four daughters of Victor Emmanuel I., models all of them of grace and virtue.

Well, and what was the result of their marriages? The first, and she was the happiest, married the Duke of Modena and associated her name with a prince universally detested. Your Majesty would certainly not consent to such a union for your daughter. The second of your aunts married the Duke of Lucca. I need not recall the result of that marriage. The Duchess of Lucca was and is as unhappy as it is possible to be in this world. The third daughter of Victor Emmanuel mounted, it is true, the throne of the Caesars, but it was only to be united to an impotent and imbecile husband, who had to ignominiously vacate it after a few years. The fourth, the charming and perfect Princess Christine, married the King of Naples. Your Majesty is certainly aware of the brutal treatment to which she was exposed, and the sorrow which led her to the tomb with the reputation of a saint and a martyr.

In concluding what he calls "this eternal epistle," Cavour says that it was written at the corner of an inn table, without there being time to copy or even to reread it. By what means it saw the light of publication last year, to be afterwards included in the third volume of the "Letters," is still a mystery, but its authenticity is beyond all question.

The king was convinced as far as he was concerned, and charged Cavour with the mission of asking her consent of the princess Clotilde. The interview between the inexorable minister and the young

princess could not have been one of the least striking scenes in the Italian drama. She answered with simple dignity: "It is the wish of my father; therefore this marriage will be useful to my family and my country, and I accept." An answer worthy of one who, when advised to fly concealed from Paris, in the tempest of the break-up of the empire twelve years later, replied, "Savoy and fear know not one another."

This difficulty got over, and the emperor gratified by an alliance with one of the oldest of European royal houses, there was another which seemed no less grave—the inveigling of Austria into the assumption of the rôle of the attacking party. Unless Austria gave the signal and the excuse, France would not move. Cavour had a surprising confidence in his power of bringing about the move on the political chess-board which he desired. In December, 1858, the late Lord Amt-hill remarked to the minister that he did not believe it possible for Austria to commit so egregious an error. "But I shall force her to declare war against us," was Cavour's comment.

The event amply bore out his prophecy. Austria fell into the trap prepared for her, and the war of 1859 was the result. In the midst of the applause that greeted the arrival of the army which was to fire Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic" there were not a few whispered misgivings from the lips of those who remembered what had been the issue of the former visits of Gallic liberators; but the belief was so profound that the Austrians could not be got rid of without foreign aid, that doubters in the unmitigated good of a French deliverance had to bow their heads before the universal feeling of relief and exultation.

The course of the campaign ran from success to success. Italian sentiment was consoled by the fine behavior of the Sardinian troops—always placed in the most unpleasant positions—and of the volunteer bands under Garibaldi. As to the French army, it was indifferently generalled, and its discipline was nowhere at all; but French soldiers never fought better than at Magenta and Solferino, and their personal valor, added to the inexplicable passion shown by the Austrian commanders for "retiring in good order," made those battles two great triumphs for the cause of Italian independence.

Then came the tremendous disillusion of the peace of Villafranca. For no one was the blow more unexpected and more

crushing than for Cavour, who permitted himself to say words to his sovereign which led to his retirement from the ministry. The emperor summoned him to a last interview, in which he justified the peace on purely military grounds. To take Verona, he said, would require three hundred thousand men, and he had not got them. By the light of what we know now of the real state of the French army even then, not to speak of its subsequent vicissitudes, there are few at present who will contest the force of this excuse; but after the glories of a victorious campaign it found few believers.

Cavour thought of retiring for a time to Switzerland, "that hospital for political wounded," but finally he decided to pitch his tent at Chamouni, and endeavor "to forget, in the midst of the marvels of nature, the wretchedness of affairs conducted by men." He was not, however, to remain long outside the public arena, and in December he started on a political mission to Paris, where he took the rooms at the Hôtel Bristol which had been occupied by Count Buol, "always," he wrote playfully, "with the scope of invading Austrian territory." The position of things in Italy was at a critical stage. Emilia and Tuscany, their destinies guided by two good patriots, Farini and Ricasoli, only waited to be allowed to proclaim Victor Emmanuel their king. But Napoleon had uttered an "impossible" as to this project, just as years after his minister Rouher was to utter a "*jamais*" in reference to the possession of Rome by Italy.

A question vitally affecting Cavour's place in history as a statesman is that of whether he was not too greatly alarmed by this imperial veto. It is true that there were French forces still in Italy—a source of anxiety and doubt—but could Napoleon have sent these liberating battalions to crush the new-born freedom of the emancipated duchies? Would it, further, have served his purpose to foster a return of the Austrians to central Italy? It is difficult to answer now, but it is certain that Cavour believed that without the consent, and even the complicity, of Napoleon, the Italian kingdom could not be constituted.

It was an old story, the cry of France for "compensation" if she were to allow Italy to arrange her own house as she listed. Lamartine's sentimental republic thundered as loudly for *backshish* in 1848 as did the imperial government in 1860. And the bribe asked was the same—Savoy and Nice.

Savoy, as has been said, had been promised at Plombières. But the failure, from whatever cause, on the part of Napoleon to fulfil his engagement in its relation to Venetia, made the understanding then arrived at practically a dead letter. The strong feeling manifested in England on the subject of Savoy, and also by the Savoyard population, would have served as a powerful argument in favor of the retention of that province. Supposing, however, that those loyal subjects to the Piedmontese crown—who had always furnished the flower of the Sardinian army—had to be sacrificed, was it an inevitable consequence that Nice should follow?

Any one who is acquainted with the geographical position of the old county of Nice, with its splendid anchorage of Villafranca, and its mountain gorges towards the Col de Tenda, that seem specially designed by Providence for purposes of defence—any one who has visited and revisited all this ground as the writer of these lines has done, and who knows, furthermore, the completely Italian character of the inhabitants, will find it hard to pardon Cavour, let the reasons of state be what they might, for placing this key to Italy in the hands of France.

I lose thereby all my popularity in Piedmont [he wrote in March, 1860]; I run the risk of being accused of high treason, and of seeing myself condemned—if not, like Strafford, to lose my head, at least, like Polignac and Peyronnet, to some years in a state prison. In spite of this conviction, I have not hesitated to counsel the king to put his signature to the treaty of which I assume all the responsibility.

Addressing another friend he said: "I write with a bursting heart; politics have very sad necessities."

The treaty was signed; the farce of the plebiscites was gone through. France had got what she wanted; had forfeited all title to the gratitude of the Italians, had broken up the *entente cordiale* with England, had smoothed the way to the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles.

While the fate of the provinces yet hung in the balance, Garibaldi sent by Colonel Turr a summary message to the king, asking if he meant to cede Nice to France, and requesting an answer by telegram. Colonel Turr handed the letter to Victor Emmanuel, who exclaimed: "By telegram! yes, or no! Very good." Then, after a pause, he added vehemently: "Well—yes! But say to the general that it is not Nice alone, but also Savoy.

And if I must make up my mind to abandon the land of my ancestors, of all my race, he must make up his to lose the land where he alone was born." After a while he spoke again in accents of profound grief: "It is a cruel destiny that *I* and *he* must make to Italy the greatest sacrifice that she could ask."

Garibaldi [wrote Cavour] has a generous character—poetic instincts; but at the same time his is an untamed nature, upon which certain impressions leave an ineffaceable trace. The cession of Nice has deeply wounded him; he considers it, up to a certain point, as a personal injury, and he will never forgive us for it.

When, in the subsequent May, the general proceeded on his victorious march from Marsala to Palermo, and yet more when he crossed to the mainland to take Naples in an open carriage, by sheer force of his enormous popularity, the bitterness between him and the king's first minister became pregnant with danger. Cavour had connived at the expedition to Sicily, and had almost openly encouraged its transference to Calabria; but after Garibaldi had met Victor Emmanuel on the Volturno, and had hailed him as king of Italy, the dissidence between the two once more threatened to assume the form of an open rupture. On this subject Cavour wrote with good sense and moderation:—

To summon the Chamber and have a great parliamentary battle would be much to my taste. But I am persuaded that even if I succeeded in saving my prestige I should ruin Italy. To construct Italy at the present moment it is needful not to set Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi in opposition. Garibaldi has a great moral power; he exercises an immense prestige not only in Italy, but above all in Europe. You are wrong, in my judgment, in saying that we are placed between Garibaldi and Europe. If to-morrow I entered into a struggle with Garibaldi, it is probable that I should have with me the majority of old diplomatists, but European public opinion would be against me. And public opinion would have the right on its side, for Garibaldi has rendered to Italy the greatest services that a man could render her. He has given the Italians confidence in themselves; he has proved to Europe that Italians know how to fight and die on the field of battle to regain a fatherland.

As the world knows, when the decisive hour came, Garibaldi's patriotism, which was never appealed to in vain, induced him to go back to eat his potatoes in Caprera, and leave the kingdom he had conquered to the undisputed administration

of the government of the king to whom he had given it.

The winter of 1860-61 was fraught with incessant anxieties. The issues at stake were so complicated, the difficulties which encompassed the new-formed State were so hydra-headed, that it seemed as if any day might bring a deadlock perilous to the stability of the whole edifice which had been raised with so much toil and at so manifold a sacrifice. When at length the last stronghold of the Bourbons fell at Gaeta, there yet remained two grave questions to resolve. Cavour had written at the beginning of January: "The king does not deem his task as finished; he knows that he must labor to constitute Italian independence and unity on solid grounds: an end which will not be attained save when the questions of Rome and Venice shall have received a complete solution, conformable to the wishes of the Italian people." A little patience and wisdom would, he thought, give Venetia to Italy. But the Roman situation was one which must tax the uttermost skill any statesman might hope to command. Yet Cavour felt assured that he could so conduct affairs as to satisfy the legitimate desires of his countrymen, without involving that total breach between Church and State, to which, both as a Catholic and as a politician, he could only look forward with pain and fear. He was in constant negotiation with distinguished members of the Roman priesthood, who sought every opportunity of placing his proposals before their chief. Cavour urged that "once disappeared the irritating question of the temporal power, the pope will be more potent in Rome than were any of his predecessors, since Italy will become the jealous and devoted custodian of the Papacy as the most splendid of national institutions."

This, Cavour said, was the greatest problem of modern times. Whether, even with his unique abilities, his plan for its resolution was not doomed to failure; whether, even had its success been possible, it might not have cost more than that success was worth, are matters which each one must now weigh and decide for himself. Certain it is, however, that those who know most of the evils of patriotism and religion being ranged in two hostile camps — that religion the only one, it must be remembered, that the peo-

ple can be got to accept; those who know most of the disruption of society, the quietude of conscience, the moral anarchy creeping downwards from the higher ranks into the cottages of the poor, who, their heaven taken from them, set their faces towards the sanguinary elysium of revolution, — those who are familiar with these things must admit that "the eternal peace between Church and State" was an aim not unworthy to absorb the last energies of a great statesman.

In his dreams of religious reconciliation, Cavour did not forget the practical goal of Italian patriots. With a view to solemnly and irrevocably recognizing this goal, he carried through the Chambers a declaration that Rome was the true capital of Italy.

Then in the first days of June it was rumored that he was not quite well, and on the 6th of that month Europe was electrified by the news that he was dead.

"It is a calamity not to Italy alone, but to all Europe," said the Marquis of Clanricarde in the House of Lords: words prefixed by Deputy Chiala to the last volume of the "Letters" published under his most able and efficient editorship. In Italy a death so utterly unexpected, so sudden, so seemingly unexplained, was sure to cause certain things to be said, certain hints to be thrown out of possible foul play. But the real explanation of Cavour's death seems to be that the brain and frame, worked without rest, without distraction, broke down at last and would work no more. Cavour was a ceaseless worker. During the greater part of his public career it was his habit to make political or business appointments before dawn. Of all the mass of letters now published, there is scarcely one which does not treat of political affairs. He had but few intimate friends, and even in his intercourse with them politics appear to have engrossed his thoughts and conversation. Of private joys and griefs there is not a trace. His life, for good or ill, was given wholly to the service of his country, which he found in the hour of her extremest need, and which he left equipped with freedom, freighted with hope, and ready to embark afresh upon the sea of time, —

Con miglior corso e con migliore stella.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
MRS. DYMOND.

BY MRS. RITCHIE.

CHAPTER XI.

DAY BY DAY.

THERE are bits of life which seem like a macadamized road. The wheels of fortune roll on, carrying you passively away from all that you have done, felt, said, perhaps for years past; fate bears you on without any effort of your own, you need no longer struggle, the road travels into new regions, time passes and the hours strike on, and new feelings and new, unconceived phases, while you rest passively with your companions. Perhaps meanwhile some of us have left the romantic passes and horizons of youth behind, we may have reached the wider, more fertile plains of middle life.

Susy, who was young still, embraced the calm of middle age with something like passion. By degrees she took the present in, and realized little by little where she was, who she was, how things were, in what relations the people among whom her lot was cast all stood to one another. She realized her husband's tender pride and affection for herself, and his anxious love for his children; realized the deep pain and bewilderment which any estrangement between Crowbeck Place and Bolsover Hall would be to him. Susy no longer wondered, as she used to do in Paris, that the kind old colonel had not become more intimate with his son and daughter; he loved them and they loved him, but too many rules and trivial punctualities seemed to stand in the way of their ease. It is as little possible to be quite natural with a person who is nervously glancing at the clock to see if it is time to do something else as it is to write unreservedly to a friend who dockets and dates your letters for future publication, or to talk openly to a superior whom you must not contradict. For Susy there was rest in these minor details, after her chaotic experience, the order, the tranquillity of all this suited her, and she tried more and more to suit herself to her husband's ways and habits, to show by her life the warm and loving gratitude she felt in her heart. When Susanna Dymond first came to Tarndale as a bride she was not less handsome than Mr. Bolsover had remembered her at Vivian Castle; she was tall and harmonious in her movements, specially when she was at her ease, her face was of changing color, her eyes were clear

like two mountain pools, her brown hair was thick and soft, the tint of the bracken in autumn, as the squire once gallantly said, with all the lights in it. There were two Susannas some people used to think, one young and girlish, with a sweet voice and smile, with a glad and ready response for those who loved her; the other Susanna was Mrs. Dymond, stately, reserved, unexceptionable, but scarcely charming any more.

As the days passed on the neighbors began to drive up by basketfuls and carriagefuls to make the acquaintance of the new lady of Crowbeck. Some came in boats, some on foot, some on horseback, to pay their respects to the bride. They would be ushered into the drawing-room, with the glimpse of the lake without, with the stuffed birds and gorgeous chintzes within — those remaining tokens of Aunt Fanny's Oriental fancy. Not unfrequently the colonel would come in from his study, looking pleased and ready to receive his friends' congratulations, "brushed up" was the verdict passed upon the colonel. Miss Bolsover also was not unfrequently present, ready to meet the guests with a sad, deprecatory smile, as if their visits were intended for a condolence to herself. Tempy, who kept out of the way, was pronounced "dreadfully changed," and finally the bride herself was to be commented on as she sat there, placid, re-served, in smartest Paris fashions.

Susy puzzled other people besides her neighbors, who hardly knew as yet what to think of her. To please her husband, who liked his wife to hold her own, to be respected as well as admired, she tried to cultivate a stiff and measured manner, something in the style of her own newly bought silks and laces; she had lost her girlish look of wondering confidence and simplicity, nobody to see her would imagine that she had ever lived in anything but county society of the most orthodox description. Alone with Jo and Tempy, or walking in sunshine by the green shore of the lake, she would forget this lay figure made up of manners and fashions, but at the first sound of wheels in the distance all our Cinderella's grace of youth and gaiety vanished, all her bright gala looks were gone; there she stood in milliner's rags and elaborate tatters, and fashionable bones, prim and scared and blurred by the decorum which oppressed her.

At Paris Colonel Dymond had laid his old habits and associations aside, but here, in his old surroundings, with Miss Fanny's pink eye to mark anything new

or amiss, his idiosyncrasies returned with a renewed force. Meanwhile, however wanting Susanna might seem to Miss Bolsover's ideas, to Miss Trindle, the vicar's daughter, or to Mrs. Jeffries, the doctor's wife, Mrs. Dymond appeared the very personification of calm and successful prosperity. She was handsome without expression, well-dressed without much taste. She had been used to consult the colonel latterly about her dress, finding her own fancies for the picturesque not approved. Her clothes were expensive, her shoes were French, her gloves were always buttoned, her manners were well-made country manners, composed and somewhat starched. This was the Susanna of the neighbors, and many a girl envied her; but this was not the home Susanna, who, little by little, day by day, and hour after hour melted and warmed and thawed the hearts of the two young people who had met her with such scrutinizing looks and divided minds. How often Susy in her early married days had suffered from those glances! Jo had relented from the first moment he saw her standing shyly in the drawing-room, but Tempy used to have strange returns of suspicion. And whenever Susy by chance met one of Tempy's doubtful, scrutinizing looks she would shrink up suddenly into herself. Or if Mrs. Bolsover came in severe and incoherent, or worse still, if it was Miss Bolsover sneering and civil, then the new-married wife would turn into a sort of statue. Susanna used to feel the cold strike upon her heart, her blood seemed to creep more and more slowly in her veins, and her voice died away.

She rarely said much in company, for she had lived among talkative people all her life, but with these two women present she became utterly silent. Her nature was not an outgoing one, but very deep in its secret fidelity and conviction. She was not timid exactly, and yet she was apt to be too easily impressed and frightened by the minor details of life. She did not hold her own, when other more self-important people were ready to thrust themselves into her rightful place. She could not ignore the opposition which from the very first had met her, but she never spoke of it. She had a curious, instinctive sense of the rights of those she lived with. She dreaded to jar upon them, to be the cause of trouble or discussion. And little by little she got into a habit of always looking to her husband for a signal. He led the way, he started the con-

versation, he invited the people who came to the house — dowagers from neighboring dower-houses, well-to-do magnates, respectable rectors and rectresses, colonels and generals of his own standing. With the colonel's old companions Susy felt more at her ease than with any one else. These comrades in arms were invariably charmed with Mrs. Dymond's grace and gentle temper; no wonder they lost their hearts to the beautiful young creature, so sweet to look upon, so modest and ready to listen to their martial prose.

"Just listen to her talking about the Punjab," says Tempy, in amazement to her brother.

Tempy used to wonder more and more about Susy. She seemed no longer able to understand her. But perhaps the truth was that Miss Tempy had never much troubled herself to understand her at all hitherto. She used to speculate about Susy now with an odd mixture of affection, of pride, and jealous irritation. "Was she really happy? did Susy really care for her father? Was it for his money, Jo — as Aunt Fanny declares — or was it from affection of us all that she married him?"

"What does it matter?" Jo answers impatiently. "You and Aunt Fanny are always for skinning a person alive, and I hate talking about people I'm fond of."

As for the colonel, he did not understand much, but he was delighted with everything Susy did, whether she spoke to others or held her peace. Because he loved her so well, because he spent his money so freely upon her, because she was so good a wife, he took it for granted she was a happy one. Susy never seemed otherwise to any one else, she appeared free to do as she liked in most things, or to submit with good-will to her husband and her sisters-in-law. When these ladies contradicted or utterly ignored her, she would smile good-humoredly; and yet in her heart she now and then had experienced a strange feeling that she scarcely realized, something tired, desperate, sudden, unreasonable, almost wicked — the feeling she thought must go, and she would forget it for a time, and then suddenly there it was again.

"What is it, my dear, is the room too hot?" said the colonel one day, seeing her start up. Miss Bolsover was explaining some details she wished changed in the arrangements at the Place; his back had been turned, and he had not noticed Susy's growing pallor.

"Nothing, nothing," says Susy, and she got up, but as she passed him took his hand in hers and kissed it, and went out of the room.

She hurried up-stairs into her own room, she sank into the big chair, she burst into incoherent tears. Then when she had gulped them down she went to the basin and poured water to wash her troubles away—her troubles—her ingratitude! John who has been so kind, John so generous and good, was this how she, his wife, should requite him for his endless kindness and benefits? By secret rebellion, unkindness, opposition? Ah, no, never, never, thought the girl. And the young wife, whose only wish was to spare her faithful, chivalrous old colonel, did that which perhaps must have hurt and wounded him most of all had he known it. She was not insincere, but she was not outspoken, she did not say all she felt, she put a force and a constraint upon herself, crushed her own natural instincts, lived as she thought he expected her to live, was silent where she could not agree, obliged herself to think as he did, and suffered under this mental suicide.

There is something to me almost disloyal in some of the sacrifices which are daily made by some persons for others who would not willingly inflict one moment's pang upon any human creature, how much less doom those dearest to them to the heavy load of enforced submission, to a long life's deadening repression.

"I for one don't pretend to know what Susanna means or wishes," says Aunt Fanny.

But although Miss Bolsover did not understand, my heroine in the course of her life changed not, and therefore often changed; she was loyal and therefore she was faithless; loyal in her affection, faithless in her adherence to the creeds of those she loved. When she was young she believed and she doubted, when she was older she doubted less, but then she also believed less fervently; but in one thing at least she was constant, and that was in her loving fidelity and devotion to those whose interests were in her keeping.

People did not always do her justice. Max du Parc was one of these. During the following spring, to please Mrs. Marney, his wife's mother, who had written over on the subject, Colonel Dymond (not over graciously it must be confessed) invited Du Parc to spend a night at Crow-

beck. The colonel's invitation reached the young man at the Tarndale Inn, where he was staying. He had come there to make an etching of a Turner in the collection at Friar's Tarndale, one of those pictures which M. Hase had been anxious to include in his publication. Max, who had been hard at work for Caron all the winter, and obliged to give up the volumes containing the London galleries, had still found time to superintend a smaller collection of drawings from country houses, and had come north for a few days. He felt some curiosity as to Susy's English home, and did not like to pain her good mother by refusing the Dymonds' somewhat stinted hospitality; so he wrote a note of dry acceptance and walked over to Crowbeck after his day's work, carrying his bag for the night. The party from the Hall had driven over for the occasion, and passed him on the way.

Susy had looked forward with some pleasure to entertaining her French guest, to showing him his own etchings hanging up in her room, to talking over all the events at the villa, and Madame du Parc, and Mlle. Faillard, and all the rest; but the guest, though brought to Crowbeck, would not talk, he would not be entertained, he came silent, observant, constrained, and alarming; he answered, indeed, when spoken to, but he never looked interested, nor would he relax enough to smile, except, indeed, for a short time when Miss Bolsover graciously and volubly conversed in French with him after dinner. Du Parc left early next morning; Susanna was vaguely disappointed, and a little hurt; his shyness had made her shy; she had scarcely asked any questions she had meant to ask, she had not shown him the drawings she had wanted to show him, she had felt some curious reserve and disapprobation in his manner which had perplexed her.

"It is no use trying to entertain these foreign artists and fellows," said the colonel, a few days after Max's departure. "They want their tobacco, and their pipes, and their liberty; they are very much out of place in a lady's drawing-room over here."

"M. du Parc certainly did not seem to like being here," said Susy, smiling.

"For my part, I like artists," says Miss Bolsover; "and we got on delightfully. I asked him to teach me *argot*; he looked so amused."

"Well, Max!" Mrs. Marney was say-

ing, as she sat under the acacia tree in the little front garden at Neuilly (where the sun was shining so brightly, though its rays were still shrouded in mist by the waters of Tarndale), "tell me all about it? Have you seen my Susy? Is the colonel very proud of her? How did she look? Is she very grand? Is she changed? Wasn't she glad to see an old friend?"

"Yes," said Du Parc doubtfully, and lighting a cigar as he spoke. "She was very polite and hospitable (puff), she is looking forward to your visit (puff, puff), she told me to say so; she sent *amitiés* to my mother (puff); she is changed — she is handsomer than ever; she is richly dressed. Her life seems to be everything that is most respectable and tiresome; she gave me a shake-hands; that young miss, her daughter, stared at me as if I was a stuffed animal. The son was away preparing for his college. There was an aunt, a *béguine* lady, who frightened me horribly; an uncle in top-boots, a little man to make you burst with laughing. There was a second aunt, a red old lady, who was kind enough to interest herself in me, to talk art to me, to take me for a walk in the park. She was even amiable enough to make some sentimental conversation. They are extraordinary, those English. Ah! it is not life among those respectables! it is a funeral ceremony always going on. I give you my word," says Max, taking his cigar out of his mouth and staring thoughtfully at Mrs. Marney's knitting, "it seemed to me as if I was a corpse laid out in that drawing-room, as if all the rest were mourners who came and stood round about. Madame Dymond, too — she seemed to me only half alive — laid out in elegant cere-clothes."

"Oh, Max, you are too bad!" cries his mother, in English. "How can you talk in that hogly way, making *peine* to Mrs. Marney?"

"No, I don't think it at all nice of you, M. Max!" says Mrs. Marney reproachfully.

"You are quite right, and I am not nice, and I don't deserve half your kindness," cried the young man penitently, taking his old friend's hand, and gallantly kissing it.

"Ah, Max would have liked to be before and," said Madame du Parc, laughing. "Susanna is a sweet creature. We must find such another one day for my son."

Max looked black, and walked away into his studio.

CHAPTER XII. A WELCOME.

BEFORE Susy had been a year at Tarn-dale she had the happiness of welcoming her mother to her new home. The colonel kept his promise, and not only the little boys, but Mrs. Marney, came over for the summer holidays. Needless to say that it was all the colonel's doing, and that it was not without some previous correspondence with Mr. Marney, who, in return for a cheque, duly received, sent off a model and irreproachable letter to announce his family's departure (*vid Havre*, not by Boulogne, as the liberal colonel had arranged for), and to consult with the colonel about the little boys' future education.

Mr. Marney wrote that Dermy had a fancy, so his mother declared at least, for being a doctor. "Charterhouse had been suggested," says the correspondent, in his free, dashing handwriting. "I do not know if you have heard of my late appointment to the *Daily Velocipede*, and are aware that although I am not immediately able, my dear colonel, to repay you in coin of the realm for that part of your infinite kindness to me and mine which can be repaid by money, yet my prospects are so good and so immediate (the proprietor of my newspaper has written to me lately in very encouraging terms) that I feel I am now justified in giving my boys a gentleman's education, and in asking you to spare no expense (in accordance with my means) for any arrangements you may think fit to make for their comfort and welfare. It is *everything* for them both to get a good start in life. I trust entirely to your judgment and experience. I have been too long a vagabond and absentee myself to be *au fait* with the present requirements. I know it is the fashion to rail against the old-fashioned standard of education which is certainly not without objections, and yet to speak frankly I must confess to you that, much abused as the time-honored classics have been, I have found my own smattering of school lore stand me in good stead in my somewhat adventurous career. I am daily expecting a liberal remittance from my proprietors, and when it arrives I will immediately post you a cheque for any extra expense you may have incurred. As for the better part of your help, its chivalrous kindness, and generous friendship, that can never be repaid, not even by the grateful and lifelong affection of mine and me.

"Do not hesitate to keep Polly as long as your wife may require her mother's presence. I am used to shift for myself, and though the place looks lonely without the old hen and her chicks, it is perhaps all the better for my work and for me to be thrown on my own resources. A family life, as you yourself must have often found when engaged on" (here Mr. Marney rather at a loss for a word had erased "military" and written "serious") "matters is a precious but a most distracting privilege. May your own and Susanna's present and future prospects be continued, and afford you all that even your kind heart should require for its complete satisfaction. And above all remember that you are *to keep my wife as long as you need her*. I shall not run over with them. With all my regard and admiration for your country and its institutions I do not wish for the present to set foot on English soil. The wrongs of my own down-trodden Ireland would cause the very stones to rise up in my pathway. I can also understand my poor wife's dislike to her native land after all that we endured while we still lived in London. When I compare this cheerful place, the brightness of the atmosphere, and the cheapness of provisions, with the many difficulties we have had to struggle through before we came, I feel how wisely for ourselves we acted in turning our back upon the 'ould countree.' The one doubt we have ever felt was on the boys' account, and this doubt your most wise and opportune help has now happily solved. Believe me, my dear colonel, with deep and lasting obligation,

"Yours most faithfully,
MICHAEL MARNEY."

Mr. Marney's letters need not be quoted at length. The colonel used to read them with some interest and a good deal of perplexity, date them gravely, and put them away in a packet. Susy shook her head when her husband once offered to show them to her. One day, not very long afterwards, with a burst of tears, she found them in a drawer, and she threw the whole heap into the fire.

Towards the end of June, therefore, Mrs. Marney, smiling and excited, in her French bonnet and French-cut clothes, and the little boys, with their close-cropped heads, arrived and settled down into the spare rooms at Crowbeck. Jo took the little boys under a friendly wing, and treated them to smiling earth, to fresh air and pure water, and fire too, for a little rabbit shooting diversified their fishing

expeditions, so did long walks across the moors. The two little fellows trudged after their guide prouder and happier than they had ever been in all their life before. Susy was very grateful to Josselin for his kindness. Tempy was absorbed, the Marneys' coming made no difference to her one way or the other. If the colonel had not been so preoccupied about his wife he must have noticed how ill the girl was looking. But almost directly after Mrs. Marney's arrival another personage of even greater importance appeared upon the scene, and a little girl lay in Susy's happy arms.

This little daughter's birth brought much quiet happiness to the place. The colonel used to come up and stand by the pink satin cradle with something dim in his steel-grey eyes. "Dear little thing," says Mrs. Bolsover one day, following close upon her brother and speaking in her deepest voice, "what a lovely child, John! What shall you call her?"

"I — I don't know," says the colonel; "Frances, Caroline, are pleasing names."

"I should call her little bright eyes," says Mrs. Bolsover severely. "Look here, Fanny" (to Miss Bolsover, who had also come up); "just look at this dear infant, is it not a lovely child?"

"Excuse me, my dear Car, you know I'm an old maid and no judge of babies," says Miss Bolsover airily. "It seems a nice little creature. Here, here, hi, hi;" and she began rattling her *châtelaine* in the child's eyes, woke it up and made it cry, to the no small indignation of the nurse. "A pretty little thing, but not good-tempered, and dreadfully delicate," was Miss Bolsover's description of her infant niece. The report came round to poor Susy after a time, and might have frightened her if her mother had not been there to reassure her. Mrs. Bolsover's speech also came round in that mysterious way in which so many insignificant things drift by degrees. Susy and her mother between them determined that the baby should be called bright eyes. Euphrasia was to be the little creature's name.

How happy Susy was all this time! The day seemed too short to love her baby, she grudged going to sleep for fear she should dream of other things. It was no less a joy to her mother to see Susy so happy, though poor Mrs. Marney herself was far from happy; she was unsettled, she was anxious, she was longing to be at home once more. Susy felt it somehow, and dreaded each day to hear her mother

say she was going, and anxiously avoided the subject lest her fears should be confirmed. Madame used to write from time to time, and her letters seemed to excite and disturb her friend. "I am not easy about Mick, colonel," Mrs. Marney would say in confidence to her son-in-law; "he is not himself when I am away."

Susanna suffered for her mother silently, guessing at her anxiety, but not liking to ask many questions. She was also vexed by Miss Bolsover's treatment of Mrs. Marney, which was patronizing and irritating to an unbearable degree, Susy thought, on the few occasions when she happened to see them together. Mrs. Marney, in her single-hearted preoccupation, seemed absolutely unconscious. Already in those days rumors of war and trouble were arising; they had reached Tarndale, and filled Mrs. Marney with alarm. But what did emperors, county families, plenipotentiaries, Bismarck, Moltke, generals, marshals, matter — what were they all to her compared to one curl of her Mick's auburn hair? "It is not so much his profession that terrifies me, it's his Irish blood, Susy, which leads him into trouble! You English people don't understand what it is to have hot blood boiling in your veins. Your colonel is not like my husband. I must get home, Susy dear, now that I have seen you with your darling babe in your arms."

Was it possible that Mrs. Marney was more aware of Miss Bolsover's rudeness than she chose to acknowledge? One day, before Susanna was down, when several of the neighbors were present, calling on the colonel, Susanna's mother, in her black dress, had come by chance into the room, followed by the two noisy little boys, and carrying that little sleepy bundle of a Phrasie in her arms; Miss Bolsover, irritated by her presence and the baby's flannels and the comfortable untidiness of the whole proceeding, began making conversation, politely inquiring after Susy, asking Mrs. Marney whether she and her children were contemplating spending the whole summer at Crowbeck. "But it must be a great pleasure to my brother having your boys for so long, and, of course, it is much more convenient for Susy, and less expensive too, than anything else."

"It has been a joy to me to be here, and to welcome my sweet little grandchild," said Mrs. Marney, hugging the baby quite naturally; "and if it had not been for Susy wanting me, and for all the kindness I've met here from the colonel, I should

never have kept away from Paris so long. A woman with a home and a husband should be at home, Miss Bolsover; it is only single ladies, like you, that can settle down in other people's houses. I am thankful to see my child happily established in such a warm nest of her own, but, dearly as I love her, I want to get back. Somehow I seem to know by myself how sorely my poor Mick is wanting me," she said, with a tender ring in her voice. The whole sympathy of the room was with the warm hearted woman. Miss Bolsover was nowhere. The little boys, with their French-cropped heads, suddenly flung their arms round their mother's neck, calling out that she must not go — that papa must come and live here too. The colonel might have preferred less noise and demonstration in the presence of callers. "Now then, Michael and Dermott, run away, there's good boys," said he; "and, my dear Mrs. Marney, I think we will ring for the nurse and send baby up-stairs to her mamma. The help and comfort it has been to us having you all this time I leave to your own kind nature to divine."

As soon as Susy was strong and well again, and the boys had been received at their school, Mrs. Marney departed; nothing would keep her, and the good colonel went up to London to see her safely off, with her French box in the guard's van, and her friendly, handsome face at the carriage window, smiling and tearful. Poor Mary Marney, what a good soul it is! he thought as he stood on the platform. What an extraordinary and most touching infatuation for that husband of hers!

"Have you got your shawl and your bag? You know you can depend upon us to look after the boys."

"Good-bye; God bless you, colonel. Write and tell me all about the dear babe," says Mrs. Marney, leaning eagerly forward from the carriage.

The colonel was already looking at his watch; he was longing to get home. He had only come up from a sense of duty, and because he had some reason to fear that Mrs. Marney had received some slights from other quarters for which he was anxious to make amends. He looked at his watch as the train puffed off with his wife's mother; at his Bradshaw as soon as her white handkerchief had waved away out of the station. He found that by taking the express he might get home that night by midnight (driving across from Kendal) instead of waiting till the

morning. He was too old to wait away from those he loved, he told himself; he longed to see Susy again with little Phrasie in her arms. The colonel called a hansom then and there, dined hurriedly at the hotel, picked up his bag, and drove off to Euston Square station.

From The National Review.
HOW THE BLIND DREAM.

"Blessed be the man who invented sleep; for it wrappeth one up like a garment." So says honest Sancho Panza; and his words have grown into a dainty proverb, to which a wiser and greater than Sancho * has added, "and when he is thus wrapped up, then befalleth him the greater mystery of dreams." It is hard to say which is the greater mystery of the two; but both are mysteries, and it is impossible to deal with one apart from the other, for, though all men sleep, there is no proof whatever that any sleep is absolutely free from dreaming. On the contrary, one of the acutest thinkers of modern times † boldly affirms that that there is no such thing as dreamless sleep; though in *profound* sleep, indeed, there is no evidence that we think at all. When exhausted by fatigue or acute pain, we may lie motionless for hours, without the smallest after recollection that a single idea has passed through our minds; the periods of sleeping and waking appearing to be consecutive instants of time.‡ In this state it is as if every operation of the mind were entirely suspended. And thus we may dream in sleep without recollecting the slightest feature of our dreams when we start up and gradually become awake. It is almost like coming back from an interval of death § Then we feel the truth of the words, —

How wonderful is Death,
Death, and his brother Sleep ||

But like other mysteries of our being, this one again and again befalls us until, by constant habit, it becomes so familiar that we are hardly conscious of what happens, and almost forget the wonder of it. From day to day, and night by night, all our life through, we think and speak, we see, hear, and breathe, with little or no

thought of all the varied powers and machinery by which these operations are carried on, *unceasingly*, through every hour of existence. If a man slept but once in six months, the event would fill him with simple amazement. He sleeps every night of his life, and the wonder passes unheeded. In fact, we all of us spend at least one-fourth of our time in sleeping and dreaming,* and the whole matter passes as one of little moment. And yet the thing is a mystery, and a part of our very being. Well for us, perhaps, that we fall into it so unconsciously, and waken out of it with as little consciousness. Well for us that we cannot *see* the machinery at work — the vital machinery of life — or the wheels might cease to move, and the happy oblivion of quiet never fall on the weary brain, or of rest upon the wearied body.

When therefore, the great master of all pictures in the land of sleep and dreams says :—

To die, to sleep,
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; aye, there's the
rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come !

we know full well what he means.

He is standing in the border-land, at the edge of the great mystery, and gazing with keen eyes into the unseen, the unknown, in all its beauty, wonder, and peace; the foreshadow of which falls on the whole race of man, as often as sunset dies along the hills, day is over, and moon and stars rise to govern the night.

We agree, then, with honest Sancho in blessing the man who invented sleep, without which even the physical world † could not maintain its present life of beauty, light, and strength for a single moon, and without which mortal men could not exist; and turn to our more immediate subject, the mystery of dreams. It is with slowly gradual and soft enchantment that sleep invades a man. Little by little his senses grow dim and faint;‡ the powers of sight, hearing, touch, imperceptibly sink away further and further from their normal state into abeyance, as if blotted out, dead, gone from him. Then, as these die out and become more and more remote, after an interval which he

* If a man live to be eighty, he will have passed twenty years of his life in unconsciousness.

† Trees and plants breathe, and even sleep; giving off through the leaves oxygen both by night and day, but far less during the hours of darkness.

‡ His pulse falls by about one-fifth. (Sully's Illusions)

* Browne's Religio Medici.

† Sir W. Hamilton.

‡ Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy.

§ Sic sine vita

Vivere quam suave est; sic sine morte mori.

|| Queen Mab.

cannot measure he passes, happily or unhappily, into dreamland, and there comes upon him a mighty change. In peace he still lies, apparently unconscious, powerless, motionless; and, but for the faint ebb and flow of breath, as if dead, whereas he is more alive than ever. His senses have, in fact, suddenly started up into keen, swift life. For him the laws of time and space have been annihilated. He seems, indeed, as we look, to be *here* before our very eyes; but he may be a thousand miles away. It is not 1885 with him at all, but ten, twenty, fifty years back. He may be living over again some single brief hour or few moments of the past, too full of fierce light, crowned with too deep a rapture of joy or passion of sorrow to endure, or to come to him ever again but in a dream. He may be saying good-bye for the last time to one who was dearer to him than life itself, but has passed into the silent land, into the dust of death; but she is with him now once again, her face as full of light and grace and sunshine as in the days of long ago!

Or he is at St. George's Hospital cutting off a man's leg, which, in truth, was severed from its owner by some one else a week ago, after being crushed under the wheel of a Chelsea omnibus. But the whole scene is before him; the quiet, clear, determined eyes of the operating surgeon, the steady hand, the keen knife; the crowd of students, all hushed, watching the famous man do his work; the nurse, her dainty cap, her dexterous fingers; the spirit of crimson blood, the white bandages. Or he is face to face once more with that intolerable examiner who, long years ago, after torturing him for twenty minutes over a tough morsel of Pauline Greek, told him he *might go*, without saying whether he had passed or not. He may be blowing bubbles with his youngest son in the summer-house; or flirting with some beloved Adelina by the light of a treacherous moon, in the old, well-known college gardens, under the trees in Addison's Walk; or on the deck of a P. and O. steamer. He may be in a crowd on Camberwell Green, or in solitude at the North Pole. But wherever he is, or whatever he may be doing, the persons, the places, the *objects* of his dream, are presented to him with a clearness and in a vivid light beyond all ordinary waking vision.

[Between the completion of that last paragraph and the beginning of the next, it so chances that I, the writer of this paper, have had a short dream which illus-

trates and enforces this very exact point. Thus it befell me.]

After reading a story of Christie Murray's* for half an hour, as the clock struck twelve I closed my eyes, slowly fell asleep, and dreamed. All at once I was in the midst of a vast crowd, and suddenly face to face with a famous, well-known noble lord, far better known at Exeter Hall than I am; and a single glance told me who he was. After a few moments, on his beckoning to me to follow him, I instantly obeyed, and presently made my way up to the platform in that dreary hall, facing a vast assemblage of listening thousands, who watched with eager eyes, and still more eager ears, the speaker who addressed them. She was a woman of about forty, dressed in a long, flowing robe of dark blue serge, with ornaments of tawny gold at the neck. Her face, full of dignity, passion, and beauty, was like that of the elder Napoleon; and as I took my place by the chairman's side, she turned on me a pair of dazzling eyes that pierced to my very heart. Bowing to me, she continued her fiery address on the horrors of an African slave-ship, and for nearly an hour held her audience spell-bound in words of tender and sparkling eloquence such as I had never before heard. When she ceased there was a silence; and then rose a wild tumult of applause that shook the whole building, and made every heart tingle with new life. As this died away, to my utter amazement new cries arose, and I heard my own name repeated again and again from all parts of the hall. Once more the magician turned upon me those dazzling eyes, and at their imperious command I instantly rose to speak. Plunging boldly into my subject, as if I had known it all my life instead of but an hour, I rose into a sudden burst of daring oratory that seemed to carry all before it. Never for a single moment did I once falter. Ideas, images, facts, crowded on my glowing brain faster than words could give them utterance. Again and again the people broke out into vehement cries of applause, again and again grew hushed into listening silence, and still I went on and on with untiring and unbroken spirit, until at last I knew that my work was done, and I ended as suddenly as I had begun.

Once more the roof re-echoed with shouts of approval, and loud cries of my name; and then, in an instant, the whole

* Oddly enough, it was "Joseph's Coat," a brilliant and amusing romance that has no possible connection with dreaming.

scene vanished, and with a start I awoke from my dream as the bell of a neighboring tower sounded one quarter past midnight. At the very utmost I had not been asleep more than five minutes, into which had been crowded long hours of vivid life. The impassioned, burning eloquence of the woman I have never heard surpassed; the sea of upturned, listening faces, and the weird glamor of her eyes I can never forget.

And now, once more awake and composed, and in my sober senses, as I recall that strange interlude, it is what I *saw* rather than what I *heard* that stamps the whole vision with reality. My own flowing oration is already a mere *vox et præterea nihil*; and even the impassioned address of the magician little more than a confused medley of broken recollections.

*Segnus irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.**

In what a man sees, therefore, lies the essence of his dream, however wild or strange the vision, even

*Tho' many monstrous forms in dreams we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.*†

Turn, now, to one or two better known dreams, and see how far they corroborate this view. Take, first, that one, perhaps the most famous on record, of the lonely wanderer who, as night fell, took of the stones of the earth and put them for his pillow, and lay down to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold! a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold! the host of angels ascended and descended upon it; and above it stood He whom angels obey.

The reader will doubtless recall Rembrandt's wondrous picture‡ of the wanderer's dream, with all its solemn blending of darkness and light, the host of ascending and descending spirits along the pathway of glory from the throne on high to the stones where the sleeper lay entranced. But if we cut out from it what the dreamer saw, and what Rembrandt painted, the result is a mere *caput mortuum*, a thing of vague, shadowy words.

Or, take that other equally famous dream in the harvest-field, dim and far off among the summer days of Canaan three thousand years ago. "Behold!" says the dreamer, "we were binding sheaves together, and lo! my sheaf arose and stood

upright; and behold! your sheaves stood round about, and did obeisance," etc., etc.

Take from this what the dreamer *saw*, the wide sweep of yellow harvest-field, the golden sheaves, the bowing ears of corn, and the vital power of the scene is gone.

Or, turn now to a picture of a totally different kind and age, and the witness will still be the same. "Methought," says Clarence *—

Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; hence we look'd toward
England.

As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown,
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon!
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered at the bottom of the sea.

No more vivid picture of a dream exists in written words; yet what becomes of the picture if we take out of it "the giddy footing," the fall into the yeast of "tumbling billows," "the sights of ugly death," "the thousand wrecks," the fish, the stones, pearly gems, and gold that lie scattered over the stormy depths below? Hence it arises from these very points which the eye seizes on with instant rapidity that

Our dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.†

Hence springs their reality, their supreme sway over the dreamer. When awake he is in a world common alike to all; asleep, he is in a special world of his own; and that very sense which seems most dormant assumes a new and vivid power that masters his inmost being. The unknown figure that, with uplifted hand, beckons him to follow, is instantly obeyed, lead where it will, with hungrier eyes than ever the miser looks on, and recounts, his own secret hoard, or gazes in rapture at the untold wealth of a vision. The lover beholds the face of his mistress

Clad with the beauty of a thousand isles,
and crowned with a lustre that seems im-

* Hor. Ars. Poet. 180.

† Dryden.

‡ In the Dulwich Gallery.

* Richard III.

† Byron.

mortal, or with the pallor of death upon it that freezes his very marrow. To the murderer, in his broken sleep, comes back in hideous reality the very image of the victim whom he once struck down and slew, hidden in the grave all these long years, but now once more instinct with life. Does the hapless Tyrian queen mourn over her lost partner, and dream of the bitter past, it is still to the keen sense of vision that the witness appeals,—

Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris.*

Dives in his palace beholds new tables spread with a thousand dainties of yet rarer and rarer excellence; Lazarus at the gate sees the very dogs that licked his sores. Even though the thing seen be of imperfect outline, as with the patriarch of old, still not a whit of its power is gone. "It stood still," says Job, "but I could not discern the form thereof, an image passed before mine eyes; there was silence," etc., etc. The horror all remained, keen and intense, as if he had seen the whole shape with a thousand eyes. In such a case doubly true becomes the strange paradox, "*πάλιον οὐρανού πατρός*."

II.—What, then, shall the dream of the blind man be like, into which neither light, nor color, nor expression, nor outline can possibly find entrance? But before we can deal with this point, the ground must be somewhat cleared by defining what is meant by *the blind*.†

"No man becomes blind," says the proverb, "by merely shutting his eyes; nor does a fool always see by opening them." Yet most people, when reasoning about "the blind," are apt to judge of them as simply having their eyes shut, while we have ours open. This is but a hundredth part of the difference. Let us illustrate the case from life. Mr. Octavius Smith has for a neighbor Mr. Cassio Brown. Smith caught a cold in his eyes when but a few days old and became totally blind; while Brown's eyes are still, at forty, as keen as a hawk's. It is a winter evening, and Mr. B. sits reading in his library. He has mastered a chapter of metaphysics, and now shuts his eyes to ponder on the final and toughest morsel. As his bodily eyes close, his mental eyes open; and the very objects at which he but just now gazed reappear almost as they fade. He can, if he will, still see the printed page; opposite, over the fireplace, still appears

to hang that incomparable likeness of himself as president of the Pedlington Archery Club; he can still see the ruddy fire; and the shadow on the wall still seems to flicker in the uncertain light, on whichever of these points his thoughts chance to dwell,—metaphysics, archery, his own noble mien as Sagittarius, the price of coals, or the theory of shadows,—of that very one may his eyes, though closely shut, still behold a visible symbol. "*Non cernenda sibi lumina clausa vident.*"

But suppose Mr. S. under precisely similar circumstances, save that he is blind. He, too, reads, and is given to meditation; he leans back in his chair and thinks. He has been blind these forty years. He cannot, with any approach to accuracy, recall the outline of a single object of sight which greets the traveller through little Pedlington, though he may, perhaps, grope his way through the village. He knows where to turn off the main road to the stile across the fields; and precisely where the pump stands outside the blacksmith's forge; he can even run without risk through the passage of the paternal mansion. He is fairly acquainted with the main features of the room in which he sits, can find almost any volume that is wanted, and is aware of the portrait over the fireplace. But when he leans back to muse on that last tough chapter, no sudden change takes place further than this: that a moment ago he was reading—now he is thinking of what he read. But no visions of shadow on the wall, of printed type or page, of portrait, or of archery, are ready to spring up at a moment's notice, to be scanned or dismissed at will. Blank night shuts him in on all sides as he reads; it still shuts him in when he has ceased to read. Of the very light, in which the rest of the world live, he can form no conception, but from its genial warmth as the sun greets him in his morning walk, or dies along the avenue at eventide. If his thoughts stray for a moment from metaphysics to the crackling sound of the fire, his mental vision may form what idea it can of blazing coals, but it has no help in the conception from aught of visible, external things. "*The world of the blind,*" says Prescott, "is circumscribed by the little circle which they can span with their own arms. All beyond has for them no real existence."†

* Virgil, i.

† The blind, of whom there are thirty thousand in England.

† Always excepting the infinite domain of music, in which the blind man may be a master: such as Stanley, the organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn, to whom Handel himself was often a delighted listener.

All descriptions, therefore, of the starry heavens at night, the golden dawn, the setting sun, the boundless sea, the arched canopy of the sky, convey to them but a dim and vague idea of distance and space — not even a faint conception of the glorious spectacle that delights their fellow-men.* And as it is with the daily life of the man born blind, so must it be with him in the land of dreams. Henderson, the witch-finder, indeed, *fancied* he saw the spirit of a slumbering cat pass from her in pursuit of a *visionary* mouse; but the cat actually saw what she pursued. Thomas Blake, the half-crazy artist, professed to see sitters for his pictures as well absent as when present. To some such imperfect degree of mental vision the blind man may possibly aspire. But to no such noble, living vision as Jacob's can he by any possibility attain. There can be for him no arched canopy of heaven, no angelic host coming and going by the ray of infinite glory which pierced the clouds, no glimpse of the Eternal One. No face can rise from the grave to smite him with terror; no image of beauty to gladden his heart with a glimpse of the lovely maiden far away; no one shape of splendor, grace, or rapture, out of the cloudy past; no outline of mystery, passion, joy, pain, hope, or fear, to appeal to his eager brain with the swift power of a living presence. To him can come no *vision* of foaming billows, nor perilous wreck, nor pearly gems scattered along the floor of the deep, nor clouds driven across the storm-rent sky. Within him, all round him, reigns night supreme and unchanging.[†]

To him, then, can come no such dreams as befall the race of seeing men. Never can there happen to him what happened in 1879 to the well-known divine and antiquary, Dr. Jessop, at Mannington Hall.[‡] "I had been," he says, "at work in the library, and was beginning to think my labor drawing to a close, when, as I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow. Turning my head, there sat the figure of a some-

* Nor must it be urged, in reply to this, that Milton dreamed, and painted his wondrous vision in a well-known sonnet; for he did not become blind *until he had reached middle age*, and was educated and equipped for the work of life. And the same remark may apply, *longo intervallo*, to Professor and Postmaster-General Fawcett, and other such men, who, losing their sight in manhood, yet retain to the last some distinct impression of the visible world.

[†] Milton, who knew only half its bitterness, calls it —

To live half-dead a living death.

[‡] Lord Orford's seat in Norfolk.

what stout man, with his back to the fire, bending slightly over the table, and examining the pile of books that I had been at work upon." (He then minutely describes his face, features, dress, and look.) "I gazed at my visitor for some seconds, and was perfectly sure that he was not a real-ity. I felt eager to make a sketch of him, but as I moved my left hand to take up a book, he vanished. I set to work once more, steadily for five minutes, and had actually got to my last words, when the figure appeared again exactly as before. I was framing a sentence to address to him, when I discovered that I did not dare to speak. There he sat, there sat I. I shut the book and threw it on the table, and at the noise the figure again vanished. After a while, I blew out the four wax candles, and marched off to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just, or the guilty — I know not which — but I slept soundly.*

But the blind man will be far better off if he go down to Creslow Manor House, Bucks; for the stately lady, in a long silk train, who enters the haunted room there, with a quick and hurried motion, as if engaged in a desperate struggle, together with all her other accessories, *is totally invisible*.

It is clear, then, that whatever comes to him must come by touch or hearing, without a gleam of fancy or imagination. Yet, if questioned, he will tell you that he has just as much imagination as other people, and dreams quite as often as they do. "I often dream," said a blind boy to the present writer. "I dream about people; I dream of my brother; I know he is there, I hear his voice; I am in the places where we used to be before he died." "But how do you know you are in a certain place?" "The impression of the place is with me; I feel I am there; I am sure that I am, sometimes, until I wake. Sometimes I dream that I am walking in the fields; I tread on the grass, I smell the fresh air." "If I dream," said another blind man, "that I am in the great basket-shop [where he worked], I know I am there by the size of the room, the length of it." "But how can you judge as to the size or length of what you cannot see?" "Oh, the sound tells me pretty well. I am in my own old place, where I work." "You sit on your own box, then?" "Yes, I touch it, and if the dream goes on I get my tools out." "When I dreams," said a blind

* Haunted Homes, by J. H. Ingram — a very curious book, p. 163.

trumper, "it's just the same as I am now; I dream of hearing and touching. The last dream I had was about a blind chap that's in prison just now. I went into his wife's house — I knew it was hers by the sound of my foot in it, and whether it was clean or dirty. As we sat a-talking I heard a voice at the door, and I said, 'Bless me, if that ain't John!' But she took no notice. 'Halloa,' I said, 'is that you?' And I took him by the sleeve; it was his shirt-sleeve I felt, and I was half afraid of him, and surprised he was out weeks before his time. Then (in my dream) I dreamt that he tried to frighten me, and make believe he was a ghost, by pushing me down sideways," etc., etc.; "after that I waked, and heard no more."

Here, again, even in his sleep as when awake, the sense of touch is the blind man's chief agent, motive power, and detective; and his so-called dream is but a hard, bare, and indistinct fragment of every-day life. It is not to him, as to the rest of the world, that in dreams the senses wake up to keener, swifter intelligence; to us, though fleeting shadows, they are *प्राप्तिवर्ण*, dividing, yet joining, the separate stages of life; but to him a mere string of more or less vague and faint impressions. And this, for the best of reasons, —

Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.

He has never seen and realized what he saw, and that which his brain cannot convey to him as a definite image he will never see. Hence arises a tendency to scepticism, that surely leads him, by slow degrees, to doubt the existence of things which he cannot touch, as in the case of Nicholas Saunderson, one of the most gifted and intellectual blind men that ever lived,* who, at the first university in the world, once lectured on the solar spectrum and the laws of light. "If," said he, as he lay dying, "you would have me believe in a God I must feel him." "Touch, then, your own frame," was the answer, "and find God there in his noble handiwork." "All this," said the dying man, "may be enough for you, but it is not so for me; what relation is there between his handiwork and God? The world eternal? Time, matter, space, are but a point. God of Newton, give me light!" (His last words.)

* Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge (1712); a friend of Whiston, Halley, Sir Isaac Newton, etc.

But light is the one thing which the blind man cannot have. It enters no part of his daily life; it can illumine no part of the domain of sleep. He dreams in common with the rest of the world; for though Plutarch and Locke tell us of dreamless men, and Lessing avers that he never dreamed, being mortal, we must and do all of us dream. Beyond all question, —

We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

Of whatever cast the dreams be — of dread, of beauty, mystery, splendor, joy, terror, infinite reality, or the idle phantasy of a moment — they grow out of the man himself. They spring from the ideas, sensations, habits, acts, passions, of his daily life. What infinite spaces of difference may separate the dreams of one human being from another it would be hard to determine. Between Shakespeare and Tupper, Shelley and Fagin the Jew, Rosalind and Caliban, Mozart and the organ-grinder, Macbeth and Jeremy Diddler, must lie a gulf not to be measured by words. Coleridge dreams, and the result is a fragment of immortal melody: —

A damsel with a dulcimer,
In a vision once I saw, etc., etc.†

Bill Sykes dreams, and the result is a string of foul words grimmer and blacker than the night which wrapped him in silent shadow. Pilate's wife dreamed, and the issue of her unknown vision yet speaks in a message that has outlived the centuries.

Consciously or unconsciously, sightless or sighted, all dream. The mother dreams of her child, far away upon the stormy sea; the musician ‡ of some enchanting melody, that, could he write it down, would make him famous forever; the miser of his hoarded treasure; the lonely maiden of her sweetheart; the soldier, dying by inches in the bloody trench, of a bubbling spring that he drank of when a boy; the patriot, of greater and better things than he has ever yet achieved; and the knave of some villainy even yet more paltry than his latest exploit; the hapless prisoner of being free; and the fool, perchance, of some new and more consummate folly. But we all dream; and the Christian dreaming of heaven may, after the swift sleep of death, awake to find it an eternal reality.

B. G. JOHNS.

* *Tempest.*

† Kubla Khan, a dream-poem, of which he could only recall about fifty lines when awake.

‡ Tartini's *Sonata du Diable* is said to have been thus inspired.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
FRENCH VIEWS ON ENGLISH WRITERS.

"THE French mind," says a modern observer, "with all its facilities, is not really hospitable. It cannot reproduce the accent of English, German, or Scandinavian thought without alteration and disturbance."

This is one of those judgments which make one think. On the whole there is at the bottom of our English consciousness something which yields assent to it. We who are so ready to believe in the width and the catholicity of our own sympathies, who would smile at the idea that there is anything in French ideas or French literature that we cannot, if we will, understand — we have most of us, at bottom, a rooted belief that the French are by nature incapable of really penetrating the English mind, of understanding our poetry, of appreciating our art, or of estimating the true proportions and relations of qualities in our national genius. We have scarcely brought ourselves to believe even now in the reality of the French admiration of Shakespeare. Voltaire's second period of petulance towards him, which had practically no effect in France, has made a much deeper impression upon us than his first period of appreciation, which had great and lasting consequences. Or even, if the sincerity of the French professions has been admitted, if innumerable translations, the homage of the whole army of the Romantics, and the testimony of every French writer of eminence since the Revolution, of whatever shade of thought, have convinced our incredulity as to the reality of our neighbors' enjoyment, we are still inclined to protest that the incapacities of the French language remain, and that when, in these latter days, M. Richepin, a poet and an English scholar, translates

How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags,

What is't you do?

by

Eh bien, mystérieuses et noires sorcières de
minuit,

Qu'est ce que vous faites?

he is but furnishing one more proof of that inevitable alienation between the French mind and the English poetic genius which the critic we have quoted attributes to a special quality of the French mind — its "inhospitality," its proneness to misplace and misunderstand the "accents" of other literatures.

Then again we, to whom the real Byron

is known, and amongst whom his vogue has diminished to an almost unreasonable extent, we cannot get it out of our heads that he is still the only English poet for whom the French have ever had a real passion. We cannot forget, we find it even hard to forgive, the *naïveté* with which the French took Byron and his despairs entirely at his own valuation, and we smile over the passion with which De Musset reproaches Goethe and Byron for their influence on the century and on him. "Forgive me, great poets, — you are demigods, and I am but a child in pain. But as I write, I needs must curse you! Why could you not have sung the perfume of the flowers, the voices of nature, hope and love, the sunshine and the vine, beauty and the blue heaven? I have perhaps felt the weight of griefs to which you were strangers, and still I believe in hope, still I bless God!" Such a passage as this sets one meditating on the weakness of the Byronic influence over our own later poets, on the fugitive and short-lived traces of it, for instance, in the work of the young Tennyson, who published his first volume of poems only three years after Byron's death, and on the rapidity of its decay in the presence of other and greater forces; and as we recall the French ignorance of Wordsworth, of Keats, and Shelley, we feel ourselves again in the presence of a sort of national blunder, of a kind of obtuseness to the characteristic notes of the English genius, which we are inclined to regard as inborn and therefore irremediable.

Is it so? Is there really anything in the literary sphere into which the French mind, that sharp and subtle instrument of which the world has so often felt the edge, whether for good or evil, cannot penetrate if it will? The shallow, disproportionate French criticism of the past from which Germany has suffered no less than ourselves, was it not simply the result, not of inherent lack of faculty, but of lack of knowledge? The Frenchman of the eighteenth century, dazzled with his own brilliant tradition, and witness of its effect in other countries than his own, could not easily persuade himself that those other countries had anything worth his serious study in return. The Romantic movement, with all its forcible, irregular ways of awakening sympathy and enlarging taste, was needed before the barriers separating France from the rest of the world could be effectually broken through. The rage for Byron, for Walter Scott, for Shakespeare, for Teutonic fancy

and Teutonic reverie, which it evoked, might be often unreasoning and ignorant, might be capable at any moment of disturbing or displacing the true "accent" of what it loved and praised, but still it was an expansive educating force, a force of progress. The imaginative tumult of the time was in reality but one aspect of the central scientific impulse, which has in so many ways transformed European thought and life during the century, and those who were born in its midst have passed naturally and inevitably onward from a first period of stress and struggle, of rich and tangled enthusiasms, into a second period of reflection, assimilation, and research.

Nowadays the French are producing no great poetry and no great art. But in all directions they are learning, researching, examining. Their historical work has caught the spirit of German thoroughness; their art is becoming technical and complicated to an almost intolerable degree; while, in the domain of the novel, the positivist passion of the moment shows itself under the strange and bastard forms of the *roman expérimentale et scientifique*. It is especially in their criticism that the modern spirit, with its determination to see things as they are, independently of convention and formula, and to see them not only from outside, but in all their processes of growth and development, has borne most excellent fruit. One has but to compare Chateaubriand's fantastic and ignorant "*Essai sur la Littérature Anglaise*," with Sainte Beuve's criticisms of Cowper, or Thomson, or Wordsworth, with the work of Montégut or M. Scherer, to realize the modern progress in exactness of knowledge, in conscientiousness of spirit, in pliancy and elasticity of method.

Among living critics M. Scherer is the best successor of Sainte Beuve. He has the same solidity and width of range, the same love for directness and simplicity of style, the same command of striking and felicitous phrases, and an element of grace besides, which is not often present in Sainte Beuve's more rapid and continuous critical work. And, to the profit of both countries, his attention has been specially drawn to England and to English subjects. He is, indeed, no stranger among us. We have admitted his claim to be heard among the authorities long ago. "A French critic on Milton," thanks first to Mr. Arnold and then to the intrinsic interest of M. Scherer's work, is an old acquaintance to most of those of us who care for literary matters. Still, books are

many and life is short, and French criticism on English subjects, however good, is apt to be more overlooked than it should be in a society which teems with critics, students, and editions of English subjects and English books. Nor has M. Scherer yet collected in book form all or nearly all of those articles on English writers which he has been contributing for years past to the columns of the *Temps*, winding up with the long and elaborate analysis of George Eliot's life and work which has just appeared. In his last published volume, however, which is now three years old, among studies on Zola and Douan and Renan in his very best vein, there is an article on Wordsworth and another on Carlyle, which are quite enough to keep our special English interest in his critical work alive until that new and fuller series appears for which one would think there was already ample material. If we take these articles, and join to them a recent book by M. James Darmestetter (*Essais de Littérature Anglaise*), and another by M. Gabriel Sarrazin (*Poètes Modernes de l'Angleterre*), we shall find ourselves very well provided with materials for a short analysis and description of the various kinds of criticism now being bestowed on English subjects in France.

For these three writers, M. Scherer, M. Darmestetter, and M. Sarrazin, represent three typical modes of modern work. M. Scherer, as we have said, is the successor of Sainte Beuve. His criticism represents that union of adequate knowledge with long training and native literary instinct or *flair*, which belongs only to the first-rate man of letters. It is not only information we get from him; we get a delicate individuality of style and judgment; something both *bien pensé* and *bien dit*. His work is essentially literary; it belongs to the great literary tradition of France; it is stimulated by, and it ministers to, that joy in the things of the mind which is self-sufficient and independent of any scientific or utilitarian object. M. Darmestetter, on the other hand, belongs to that numerous class of workers who represent the scientific side in literature. He is a man of first-rate information, painstaking in all his ways, and gifted quite sufficiently with the higher critical sense to enable him to place his subject in its true relations, and to grasp in it all that is most vital and essential. But he is not a great writer; there is nothing strongly individual either in his judgments or in his way of delivering them; he gives agreeable and adequate expression to the

best research or to the general cultivated opinion of the moment on such topics as the stages of Shakespeare's development, or the poetical relations of Wordsworth and Shelley. He says what most cultivated people have come to think, and he says it fluently and with abundant power of illustration. But he has very little distinction, and very few of those strokes of insight, those anticipations of the common judgment, which lift a writer well above the average. Occasionally, indeed, especially in the article on Shelley, he attains in separate passages a high level of literary excellence. Still, generally speaking, the book contains a great deal of admirable statement; it is clear, sensible, and well written; but it is not in the author's power, as it is in M. Scherer's, to send us away with those fresh individual impressions which are the product only of the best kind of literary work.

M. Sarrazin's is a very different sort of book. He has certainly no command over the higher criticism, nor has he the wide and exhaustive knowledge of M. Darmesteter. He is an amateur, well-meaning and sometimes ingenious; but still an amateur, that is to say, improperly equipped for the work he has undertaken, and setting out with a light heart to perform tasks of which the true range and proportions are unknown to him. His faults are not so much faults of commission as faults of omission. What he tells us is, generally speaking, fairly well told. The misfortune is, that he has so little idea of the relative value of what he says to all that might be said on a given subject. He chooses Landor, Shelley, Mrs. Browning, and Swinburne as four typical modern specimens of the "Anglo-Saxon race," and with them he contrasts Keats and Rossetti as "deviations from the Anglo-Saxon line." How French, one is inclined to say, and how false! There is probably not a single competent English person who, if he were asked to name four typical English poets of the century, would dream of including Landor and Swinburne and excluding Wordsworth and Tennyson; nor would it enter into any English head to make Landor the typical representative of English classicism, while reckoning Keats, in whom the spirit of the English *renaissance* found renewed and exquisite expression, as a "deviation" from the English line. The whole plan of the book therefore is arbitrary and *voulu*. It is an instance of literary caprice, and in literature, to make a freak acceptable, one must have either the delicate irony of a Renan or the

sheer force of a Carlyle. Above all, one must be sensible that it is a freak, an eccentricity, that one is upholding. One must show a certain bright, defiant consciousness of having left the beaten path, whereas M. Sarrazin, all the time that he is floundering in misleading cross-roads, so naively believes himself in the broad accepted way, that the reader is necessarily either provoked or amused. The book is an example of a kind of work which though still common enough, is every year becoming less common, both in France and England, as the standard of technical performance in the different branches of intellectual activity is being slowly and laboriously raised. The ingenious amateur, whether in literature or in science, has less and less chance of success. In one way or another, the public to which he appeals admonishes him as the haughty Hungarian youth admonished the English dean, who, in a spirit of kindly patronage, was airing his college Latin upon the stranger: *Discamus, et tunc loquamur!*

To return, however, to M. Scherer. The study of Wordsworth with which his last volume opens is a review of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Selections," and it opens with certain general reflections suggested by sayings or judgments of Mr. Arnold's. In the first place, we have his view of the dictum that "poetry is a criticism of life, under the eternal conditions of poetic truth and poetic beauty." M. Scherer is not quite satisfied with it. He thinks it vague; he wants to know what are the eternal conditions of poetic truth and poetic beauty, and he casts about for a new and more exact definition of "poetry" by which to test Wordsworth's artistic claims.

Finally, he decides that "the poetical element in things is the property they have of setting the imagination in movement, of stimulating it, and suggesting to it much more than is perceived or expressed. The poet is a man who sees by the imagination, and it is the characteristic of imagination to amplify all that it sees and touches; to push back or to efface the limits of things, and so to idealize. It will not do, however, to say that imagination *beautifies*, nor in general to confound the notions of poetry and beauty. A cathedral, for instance, is more poetical than beautiful, while the Parthenon is more beautiful than poetical. Imagination may intensify the horror of a thing as well as its charm. Poetry, then, is the view of things by the eyes of the imagi-

nation, and poetical expression is their reproduction under the form most capable of awakening the imaginative power of the reader. So that the natural language of poetry is a language of images. Let the reader try to recall to himself the finest passages in his favorite poets, and he will see that it is the choice and the charm of the metaphors and comparisons used which enchant him . . . And if to the imaginative conception of things you add the expression best fitted to evoke this conception in others, and if you submit this expression to the laws of rhythm, and bestow upon it the cadence which by a secret force of association brings the nervous sensation of the hearer into harmony with the movement of the poet's thought, you will have poetry in the full and concrete sense of the word."

There, then, is M. Scherer's definition, that inevitable definition which every critic must attempt for himself sooner or later. Mr. Arnold's, beside it, has the merit of being terse and easily remembered, and he would perhaps maintain that as such a complex idea as "poetry" is incapable of exhaustive and satisfactory definition, the best that can be done is to "throw out" something approximate, something suggestive. "*Poetry is a criticism of life.*" It was, in the main, the view of Wordsworth; it is certainly the view of Browning; and whatever may have been the theory of a poet's youth, this tends commonly to become the theory of his maturity. Looking back over our poetical history we see that it expresses one of the two great strains of English poetical thought, the strain of moved philosophical consciousness so characteristic of the national genius, which dictated Chaucer's "Fle fro la presse and let thy ghost thee lead," or Shakespeare's "Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks within his bending sickle's compass come," or Sidney's "Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust, and thou, my soul, aspire to higher things"—and still breathes through three-fourths of our poetry of the present.

But there is another strain, and for its definition M. Scherer's phrases will serve us best. "*Poetry is the view of things by the eyes of the imagination.*" "*The poetic element in things is the property they have of setting the imagination in movement.*" Here you have something which at once brings before us the whole lovely dreamland of English poetry since the days when Chaucer clothed his "mighty god of love."

In silke embroidered ful of grenë greves,
In-with a fret of redë rosë leaves,
The freshest syn the world was first begonne,

to those when Keats, in all the plenitude of his young imagination, sought in the illumined world which it revealed to him, a refuge from the ills of sickness and poverty:—

Yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the
moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear
rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose
blooms:

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read.

From first principles M. Scherer passes on to describe our English poetical development since Byron. He is especially struck by the fluctuations of English taste. "There is no country of the present day in which the succession of dominant poets, and with the succession of poets the succession of influences, tastes, schools, and methods has been as rapid as in England. And the reason is, that in spite of the ideas which our Continental ignorance holds on the subject, the English nation is the most poetical nation in Europe, and that, moreover, the English being much greater readers than we, are seized much more frequently with a desire for change and novelty. We are still at Byron in France. But the English have passed through Byronism long ago." Byron was dethroned by Wordsworth, and Wordsworth by Shelley and Keats, and if Tennyson has not effaced any of his predecessors he has at least "climbed on to their shoulders, and in certain directions reached a higher level than they."

In the course of his sketch of the country M. Scherer expresses several judgments which will hardly pass without remonstrance here. His general tribute to Shelley is warm and eloquent, but still he makes grave reservations. "The half of Shelley's work," he says, "at least, is spoilt by unbearable humanitarianism. Poetry pure only obtained ascendancy in his mind by moments, when he was governed by the sentiment of nature, or when, here and there, some earthly love mingled with his platonic dreams."

Compare with this Mr. Myers's expression that we have in Shelley "an extreme, almost an extravagant specimen of the poetic character;" or Mr. Swinburne's outburst: "He was alone the perfect singing god; his thoughts, words, deeds, all sang together." Perhaps the best answer we have to M. Scherer's various objections is to be found in the thoughtful study by Mr. Myers from which we have just quoted. Certainly Mr. Swinburne's dithyrambs will not be enough to convince a foreigner, especially a foreigner with ideas of sobriety in style. Mr. Swinburne says in effect, "Take it on my word, the word of a poet, that Shelley is the greatest of poets," and we who feel the full roll and splendor of Mr. Swinburne's marvellous sentences are inclined to accept his verdict entirely at his own valuation. But a foreign critic, not so sensitive as we to those influences of sound over which Mr. Swinburne has such extraordinary mastery, will probably maintain that a poet's place in his generation is not settled so easily or so high-handedly.

Such work as Shelley's, indeed, before it can be finally classed passes necessarily and inevitably through a long period of debate. Generally speaking, a nation approaches its great poets first on the intellectual side, and the majority of readers are affected by the presence or absence of an intellectual framework they can understand in a poet's work, by the intellectual coherence or incoherence of his general attitude, before they form any judgment at all on his purely poetical qualities. The strength of this tendency varies, of course, in different nations in proportion to the strength of their artistic gift. In modern Spain, where the commoner artistic gifts are very widely spread, and where the language places a certain facile brilliancy and music within the reach of almost every poetical aspirant, the enormous popularity of a poet like Zorrilla has nothing to do with any intellectual consideration whatever. From a European standpoint Zorrilla's matter is beneath consideration. He has no ideas, no *données*, or almost none, that are not imitated or borrowed. And yet he is so facile, so musical, he plays so adroitly with all the common popular sentiments of his country and time, that his countrymen, even when they are most conscious that he has nothing to say, are still enthusiastic, still carried away by a sort of passion of delight in him which does not admit of reasoning.

In France, it is not enough to be a mas-

ter of facile and musical commonplace. A poet's general position and leading ideas may be incoherent or shallow, but if he is to succeed he must at least be a master of detail, he must be original by lines and phrases, he must catch the subtle French ear, and satisfy the French rhetorical taste by a continual struggle with and a continual triumph over the difficulties of expression. Our English demand is rather different. We are more serious, more prejudiced, less artistic—sometimes for good, sometimes for evil. If the matter of a poet touches us we can pardon a great deal of inferiority of manner. There are one or two disastrous modern instances of the fact which will occur to everybody. On the other hand if the matter of the poet is in opposition to the dominant conceptions of the day, or if intellectually it offends our critical and logical instincts, we are not very ready to shift our point of view, and to give a writer, who seems to us, whether justly or unjustly, to have failed on the side of general conceptions, that is to say on the intellectual side, the triumph which may really belong to him on the artistic side.

Something of this kind has befallen Shelley. The ordinary English mind for one set of reasons, and a good many men of ability for another set of reasons, regard him as incoherent and rhapsodical, the preacher of a childish and contradictory philosophy. It is a purely intellectual judgment, and it is answered by the scorn of his devotees, who ask what logic and philosophy have got to do with poetry? And indeed, as Shelley *was* a great poet, one who saw the world "with the eyes of the imagination," and whose visions are immortal, this exclusive sort of judgment of him, which prevailed for so long, has had to give way, and is giving way more and more. But it is of no use to pretend that there is no question in debate, or that the instinct which has found so many spokesmen among ourselves, and has lately inspired the sentences we have quoted from M. Scherer, is an absurd and unsound one. Shelley's opinions were crude and fanciful, and among his many masteries he was not a master of large and clear philosophical expression. But he challenged the world as much by his opinions and his philosophy as by his purely poetical qualities, and his slowly widening audience has had to get behind the opinions and the philosophy, and to learn to approach him as the seer and the singer. The final result may be certain, but a large amount of doubt

and debate on the road thither was and is still inevitable.

Before we part with M. Scherer, we may quote from him the three following passages, also taken from the Wordsworth essay. (The articles on Carlyle and on Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" are short, and hardly lend themselves to extracts.) The first of the passages contains an estimate of Tennyson, and whether we agree with it or no, is certainly what criticism ought to be — the record of a real impression finely and delicately put.

"Keats and Shelley have certainly not been thrown into the shade by Tennyson, but still Tennyson has climbed upon their shoulders, and perhaps in certain respects has touched a higher level than they. If he is not stronger and greater than Shelley, the metal of his poetry is purer, the workmanship of it is more ingenious, more exquisite, and the work, as a whole, of a more astonishing variety. Tennyson has a consummate mastery of rhythm; he has an extraordinary wealth of vocabulary; he has taste, grace, distinction, every kind of talent and refinement; he is the author of lyrical pieces unrivalled in any language, some breathing the subtlest melancholy, others the most penetrating pathos, and some vibrating like a knight's bugle-horn: and he lacks only one thing, the supreme gift, the last flight, which carries Gany-mede into the empyrean, and throws him breathless at the feet of Jove. He sins by excess of elegance; he is too civilized, too accomplished. There is no *genre* that he has not attempted, whether grave, or gay, or tragic; whether idyl, ode, elegy, epic, or drama; there is not one in which he has not brilliantly succeeded, and yet we may almost say of him that in no one direction has he sounded the deepest depths of thought. In passion there are ardors, in the mind there are troubles, in life there are bankruptcies of the ideal, which the note of Tennyson is incapable of expressing."

The following piece describes the artist's attitude towards nature: —

"The young man sees in nature an empire to take possession of; the man of mature age seeks in her repose from anxiety and agitation, the old man finds in her a host of melancholy consolations — but the artist? Does not he, at least, love her for herself? Does he not live by her alone? is it not her beauty, and nothing else, that he is in love with? Is it not the whole of his ambition to understand and to render her, to feel and translate her, to enter into all her moods, to grasp

all her aspects, to penetrate all her secrets? Who then, if not the artist, may flatter himself that he is initiated into the mysteries of the great goddess? And yet, no! What the artist pursues is not so much nature as the effect to which she lends herself — *the picturesque — art*. He is only at her feet that he may hurry off to boast of the favors which she has bestowed upon him. The artist is the man who has the rare and fatal gift of a double existence, who feels with the half of his soul and employs the other to repeat what he feels — a man who has experienced emotion, but who has then slain it within him, that he may contemplate it at his ease and draw it at his leisure in strokes which enoble and transfigure it."

The third and last describes the element of mannerism in Wordsworth.

"If ever a writer might have been thought sincere it is this genius at once so austere and so simple-hearted. And yet, there is no denying that all his work is not true metal. Wordsworth has pretensions, and a manner he has consciously made for himself. He exaggerates his feeling, he pushes to an excess his own special methods of conception and of speech, he assumes an air and look which are certainly his own, but of which the features and expression are none the less studied and composed. . . All Wordsworth's defects spring from the same source and are of the same kind. He has an ideal of life, to which he involuntarily adapts his moral attitude; he has an ideal of art and he overdoes what he admires."

M. Darmestetter's book is partly a collection of prefaces (to an edition of "Macbeth," an edition of "Childe Harold," and so on), and partly a reproduction of certain long and elaborate reviews, which originally appeared in the *Parlement*, the *Revue Critique*, and elsewhere. The whole is introduced by a letter to M. Guillaume Guizot, professor of English literature at the Collège de France, in which M. Darmestetter pleads for the study of English in France as against the now triumphant and wide-spread study of German. He agrees that for the soldier and the *savant* German is indispensable, but he argues that for the French man of letters and man of business, English is incomparably better worth having than German. As for literature, "where can our French public find more enjoyment or more inspiration than in England? I do not wish to disparage German literature. A literature that has produced

Goethe and Heine has a future before it. But it is none the less true that German literature has behind it but one single century. Its mediæval period may furnish the *savant* with interesting and curious things, but we are not talking here of the men of research; we are talking of the men of letters living within the range of modern thought. The French man of letters who reads English has three centuries of masterpieces in his hands, from Spenser to Shakespeare, from Milton to Pope, from Burns to Byron and Shelley; the French man of letters who reads German has but two books. . . . To sum up, I should say that our *savants* have much to learn from Germany, but that France in general has infinitely more to learn from England. I am not protesting against the study of German, but only against the inferior position assigned to English. German interests specialists; English interests all the intelligent classes. We lived for a long time in the belief that there was only France in the world; now we seem to believe that there are only France and Germany. Germany is but a very small part of the world, and if by force of accident we find ourselves obliged for some fifty years to take a special and anxious interest in the movements of that part, that is no reason why it should hide from us the rest of the universe."

Certainly M. Darmestetter's own book is an excellent example of the sympathy and intelligence towards England which he desires to see increased. His studies of Shakespeare's development are based upon the most recent Shakespearian research, and state the conclusions of Mr. Furnivall and the New Shakespeare Society with an ease and lightness of touch which give them more general attractiveness than they have commonly possessed in English eyes; while the careful study of "Macbeth," and the articles on Byron and Shelley, are in every way up to the level of modern knowledge, and are lit up by a good deal of very fair critical reflection. The article on Shelley contains the following happy description of the most characteristic quality of Shelley's genius:

"There was one thing in Shelley which was lacking in Wordsworth, and which enabled him to understand the Lake poet, while Wordsworth could not understand him. This was that strange wealth and mobility of impressions and perceptions, which transformed his whole being into a flexible, ethereal mould, where all the changing forms of visible and living nature took shape and outline for an instant,

awakening the sister images which slept within it, so that nature itself came to seem but a mirror of the inward vision, an echo of all that wept in his own heart, the tissue which clothed the phantoms of his own brain. Add to this a strength of feeling and of love, of indignation against oppression, and of devotion to the cause of the feeble, which no poet's life perhaps has ever embodied so sincerely and so nobly,—a ceaseless aspiration towards knowledge and the unknown,—a love of mystery which led him from alchemy to Spinoza, from Spinoza to Faust,—and finally that anguish born of knowledge, without which no poetry is complete, and which is itself only one of the highest forms of the poetical instinct of humanity. Thus there arose a poetry of an intensity and an infinity unknown before. Wordsworth indeed had been the high priest of nature, but together with the grandeur and the dignity of priesthood he had displayed all its narrownesses and all its weakness." Shelley's life and Shelley's poetry were one, to an extraordinary, to an unparalleled degree. "All his dreams were lived, as all his life was dreamed."

The essay on Wordsworth, which appeared in the *Revue Critique* as a review of Mr. Myers's biography, is good and sufficient, though, as we have said, there is not the same high literary pleasure to be got out of it as out of M. Scherer's. It ends with a strong expression of Wordsworth's limitations. "Stuart Mill," says M. Darmestetter, "in trial and depression found peace and calm in the study of Wordsworth's poetry; but poetry which is made up of only light and peace does not render the whole of nature, or exhaust the human heart. And as nature has more shade than light, and the heart more of tempest than of peace, Wordsworth will never be the poet of the crowd, and even with natures akin to his own he will not be the poet of all hours."

The gods approve
The depth and not the tumult of the soul.

There is his characteristic note. "But it was easy for the gods to say so; they were gods."

M. Sarrazin's essays are well-meaning and often picturesque; but there is very little in them which need detain an English reader. There is no perspective in them, no sense of the whole. The article on Shelley, for instance, is taken up almost entirely with an analysis of "The Cenci," just as that on Keats dwells entirely upon "Endymion," which M. Sar-

razin pronounces Keats's masterpiece, having never apparently heard of "Hyperrion," of "Lamia," or of any of the mediæval pieces. And yet this half-knowledge of his is handled with so much energy, so much honest belief in itself, that it cannot but awaken misgivings in any one who has ever tried to concern himself with a foreign literature. One is so apt to take it for granted that one's own appreciation of foreign books is as intelligent as M. Scherer's, as well-informed as M. Darmestetter's! Yet all the while it may be only an appreciation of M. Sarrazin's kind, as one-sided, as full of misplaced enthusiasms and false emphasis. There is nothing so easy as this false emphasis, nothing so difficult as a true hospitality of thought. What we are all really aiming at in the study of foreign writers is a community of intellectual country with the great of all nations; a mood of mind in which national differences shall exist no longer for purposes of separation, but only to quicken our curiosity and widen our sympathy. It is one of the worthiest of goals, but on the way thither let us not forget how easy it is to murder the accent, and to misunderstand the *nuances* of those new intellectual or spiritual dialects which we are trying to master!

M. A. W.

From Temple Bar.
A SUMMER DAY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The other day I paid my first visit to Stratford-on-Avon, a case of love at first sight with me. I had been staying a month at a popular seaside, where idle crowds of inland mortals basked all day on the sandy shore, "drunk with gladness" beneath the glorious sunshine of 1884. But now that memorable summer was coming to its end, and our five successive days of over "90° in the shade" were gone forever, when I found myself one hot September evening at the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham. As I went to bed it occurred to me that Stratford-on-Avon was in the neighborhood, and that the Great Western would be ready with a "slip carriage" to take me there early next morning. I got what sleep I could between the nocturnal cries of the newspaper boys below and the midnight reverberations under the station roof: when I awoke at six o'clock the boys were in full cry again.

Having breakfasted, I caught the early

London express at Snow Hill, and by eight o'clock was duly "slipped" at Warwick. Then retracing our steps to Hatton by a slow train, we cantered down the gradients through green pastures, till we curved in to a pretty oasis of red brick and tile amidst the meadows.

Everything was bright and warm and clean in the September sun. Just outside the station on the right was a path marked "To Shottery," and — thanks to Mr. Black — I felt at home at once. I lounged a little by the pleasant hospital, to light a pipe and watch the Stratford boys and girls trooping to school in twos and threes — the board school opposite. Hilarious boys, and girls intent on domestic narrative; all quite unconscious of the thoughts they suggest, — for they were not even "creeping" to their books. A little farther on is a crossing where five roads meet, and on the corner house of one to the left a blue and white slip bears the inscription: —

 TO SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

Across the way there opens out a broad street lined with trees, giving a pretty Continental air; and here, as everywhere in Stratford, the old half-timbered houses are charmingly colored with creeper and flowers.

I was so pleased at the first breath of the place that I declined to turn off immediately and see the house. So with no other guide than a pipe and delicious morning air, I kept on in the sunshine past the chattering children, down Wood Street, round to the right into High Street. Here was a perspective where all seemed spotlessly clean, healthy, and cared for: the timbered fronts and gables made a rich contrast against the glowing flowers on every window-sill; a solitary dog-cart stood waiting on some early errand; and a lull of scarcely finished breakfast filled the pavements.

I strolled along Chapel Street in great contentment, past old stone buildings, past the Shakespeare Hotel (of this more anon) half smothered in flowers; a bicycle rested in the shady porch. At the next crossing on my left I noticed a tiny plot of lawn where some shallow holes were covered by wire netting; but unsuspicuous of their significance I sauntered on, ignorant of topography, trusting the town to disclose itself. In front a slip on the wall said: —

OLD TOWN

and sent me round to the left into the sun. More timbered villas here peeped

out among the trees, trim and glossy in their cleanliness; then came the old churchyard straight ahead, with its tall spire above a rampart of elms: the early sunlight had not yet disturbed the dark peace of the limes and cedars.

My pipe was not finished, so I struck down Mill Lane, where the splash of a water-wheel soon rewarded me. Here was the Avon, with a list of its "flood marks" painted up on a wall of the mill. The lane ends here in a footpath which crosses the river by a wooden bridge: on this I sat, enjoying the sun. The water swarmed with young fish, and a steady stream flowed noiselessly towards the Bristol Channel. Behind me the view was closed by the E. & W. Junction railway, whose red brick arches divide the transparent current. In front lay the town, half hid by trees; an engine quietly fizzed on the embankment; the mill-wheel splashed; and an occasional voice gave or took orders for the day's work. Some hundred yards away, on the doorstep of a house withdrawn from the lane, a young girl stood rapt in a pretty attitude, reading a letter she had just received; her round, cropped head leant against a luxuriant creeper bright in the sun, and a dog rejoiced on the lawn.

Upon this morning paradise an interruption came too soon. A heavy tread shook the bridge, and a thick-set veteran drew near to me, dressed in a worthy hat of many years' service. I tipped the ashes from my pipe, and was moving off, but this ancient landsman held me captive with his eye. He began by a careless allusion to the fact that cholera in foreign parts had been the occasion of an unusual number of visitors to Stratford this year. Mere "birds of passage," he remarked; and to some it seemed a pity they should pass through such a place so hurriedly. For the town, he considered, though few might know it, had more than a Shakespearean interest.* He was one who respected independence of action in others, and was never more content than when each tourist pleased himself as to what he should see or leave *unseen*: still, to those who loved nature and beauty in general there was always — so he found — an unexpected treat "when they see the marvellous collection of quadrups and other curiosities," which he had during many years stored up in his "museum." "For I ham a self-taught man," he concluded,

"and a labor of love it is to me to watch their ways, and the curiosities of some of my quadrups is extraordinary to those who have not seen them, tho' there's some as pass on and miss it all. The price it cannot be, for sixpence clears the whole, and the place you will find by asking *any* one, for — is my name, and — Museum is the Museum of Stratford."

Assuring him that I was only scamping the place that day, but hoped to return some other time with more leisure, he gave me "good morning," and stumped down slowly off across the fields. He little knew that he was much more interesting than any of his "quadrups" so carefully collected.

The Avon flowed tranquilly again when his voice had died away, the wheel splashed round, and the sunlight made soft mist on the meadow land. In Stratford these interruptions are easily forgiven; with Shakespeare for central figure all the others fit in; the town seems a living drama, and no one is out of place in such a nest of human nature. The charm of the spot is not spoilt by noxious "touts;" there is scarcely any professional obstruction, but rather an air of neighbours chatting a week after a funeral. Unlike the illustrations of most fine tales, which so outrage our conceptions of the hero or heroine, in the case of Stratford the concrete picture makes Shakespeare stand out much more real than before.

However, half past nine. Descending from the bridge I returned to the churchyard and entered the shade. If Stratford as a whole seems just what we should like it, the church is the keynote of a pictured harmony. Strolling round among the gravestones, I came to the low wall which forms the river boundary, and looked down at the Avon gliding noiselessly beneath. The pensive elms leaning over the stream from the gravel walk where I sat just stirred above their images below, the freckled sunshine crept in here and there upon the sod, and a melody of last century stole out from the pipes of the organ within. Across the river two or three cattle grazed in silence, while some sketcher's easel stood close to the water's edge. The Avon kept its course, soft and still as three hundred years ago, when Naseby had not been fought on the oolite hills where its waters rise.

A group of gravestones accosted me, to the memory of four of a family, aged twenty-seven, twenty-four, ten, and the last, one year old. The two eldest were brothers, drowned; and the father closed

* In this opinion the writer thoroughly agrees with him.

the list. Near these a slab related how the body beneath it was once

A DIRECT DESCENDANT
OF THE IMMORTAL . . .

Another described its corpse as having been in life

AN INOFFENSIVE FRIEND . . .

A smaller one had the words,

VIOLET HONORA,
DEAR CHILD,

who died at three years and eight months — her "little life" soon "rounded with a sleep."

I was reading this stone, when a crunching heel cast its shadow before, and looking up, I saw a large-built, florid-faced man of about sixty, with soft brown eyes ripe for conversation. Yielding to fate I suffered him to remark — his voice was of velvet, and his intonation full of sweet reasonableness — that it was just such a mornin' as Shakespeare might 'a' sat watchin' the fish among the reeds. He smiled again, but perceiving no responsive rise in my pulse, he made a swift transition to a brewery distant some half mile.

"Ah, there!" he sighed; "that man have made his fortune out of Shakespeare, more than most: for his beer weren't drunk to speak of till quite o' late; and none would drink it now that knew better, for better's to be had in many places round. But when the fuss come,* and 'twere all 'Shakespeare' here, then he cry it over the country, and paste it on the bottles, as 'twas 'Shakespeare ale,' and many've a-had a pint as never wou'd, but for he. Dear! I know plenty o' houses where finer drink's to be got, so's any one's t'offer me. I shouldn't look at none o' that 'Shakespeare ale' if I was a gentleman."

His voice dropped *piano* as he went on: "For I'm just out o' the workhouse, sir — our monthly holiday; that is, 'twere monthly once, but once o' *two* months now. Stayed out too late at night, some on 'em, and we all suffer as one, we do. I'm a Staffordshire man myself, when there's work; but the iron been so bad o' late, I couldn't hold on no longer, and my friends told me to come in to the house. 'Tis a prison! there, that's what it is!" he exclaimed, with the only touch of temper he had shown. "Let us out once in two months, because some on 'em stayed

with their friends over a glass o' beer after eight o'clock in the evening! 'Tis slavery! Once o' two months to get a glass of ale! . . . But we got *one* guardian the right sort," he resumed with less rueful air; "for one day he bring an' open out a small paper o' baccy for each of us — and 'others they did the same when they see he do it, next board day, and we have it reg'lar now."

I congratulated him on this warm-hearted breach of the spirit of our poor law by the Stratford guardians; then he descended from those magnates to my individual self, and shot a random surmise as to the chance of my having "a pipeful" about me. I said unfortunately I had almost exactly that amount, but wanted it myself. But I might have "a copper" I didn't want, to give a man a treat once in two months, and help him enjoy the fine day? This transferred a threepenny bit from my pocket to his, and he exclaimed with a smile that transfigured his rosy cheeks, "*I shall* have a day to be sure!"* Then, overcome by this consummation of his oratory, he moved joyfully forwards, and left me his room instead of his company.

Now for the church, I thought, ere a worse thing befall me! Entering at the north-west door, the woman took me up the oaken aisle straight to the altar rail, inside which lies the small slab with those four lines beginning —

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
while the bust on the wall above keeps
watch for the observance of this request.
Since the altar rail was put outside, the
thousands of annual tourists have, at any
rate, forborne to wear away the inscription
with their feet, as must otherwise have
happened. The most prominent objects
inside the rail are three stately tombs,
and as the slabs of the Shakespeare family
lie so that their letters are upside down
to the gaze of the public, they might
easily escape notice, were it not for the
paid attendant, who leads the visitor up,
and spreads upon the slab a "rubbing"
of the words, that he may read. There
is a "practical" humor about this state of
things which no one would have appreciated
more than the man whose DVST
was ENCLOASED HEARE.

It is a refined chancel; opposite Shakespeare's bust is the "Scriven window," a sympathetic picture in memory of those two drowned brothers whose grave is next

* An allusion to the "nationalization" of Shakespeare in 1847.

* As he afterwards did.

to the Avon outside; and close to the bust the morning rays come through the "seven ages" of the "American window." The bust itself is curious; perhaps from being colored it seems too business-like and well-to-do, but the other extreme would be out of harmony with the air of Stratford. The cherubs and skulls that guard the arch from which the face looks out are quite in keeping with Shakespeare. The skull at the top eyes us blankly like an inscrutable conundrum; the only visible solace is in the two last words of the distich underneath,

... OLVM PVVS HABET.

It is no use staring at these counterfeit presentments, and as it was only a few minutes to the morning service the woman hurried me through the vestry, where I performed the rites of inspecting the font, the baptismal entry, and the huge visitors' book. Then with a glance at some pretty carving on the organ front I retired down the aisle into the open air, looking back to the central figure, as after a presentation at court.

I came back to the river wall, and sat undisturbed for half an hour enjoying the quiet of this English nook. If the church and churchyard had been consciously framed as a memorial to Shakespeare, they would have been a foolish failure; but shaped by successive accidents of time, they are all of a piece with the man and the place.

As I sat bewitched a barge came slowly with the stream, punted past the wall by two silent men; the surname Lucy on the stern. Where are the Shakespeares of to-day? Under the tunnel of the limes an old man was sweeping autumn leaves, a veteran grave-digger, who had doubtless turned up many skulls in his time. Some forefather of his may have known the author of that dirge,—

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

The barge disappeared by the mill, and the river resumed its repose. From my seat I could see a few boats moored higher up the stream, and beyond these a fringe of red cottages near the bulkier reflection of the Memorial.

The people were coming out of church, so I followed their skirts. A short walk through Southern Lane brought me to the Memorial, a brand-new contrast to everything else in Stratford. Having paid my sixpence (*cela va sans dire* in Stratford), I climbed the steps and ladders to

the top of the tower. Here was a view worth many sixpences. The low undulation of Warwickshire hills; the mass of warm color mixed with foliage which makes Stratford a charming picture; the distant woods of Charlecote; the two railways quiet and on their best behavior; the many-arched old Clopton bridge across the Avon where it broadens to admit the canal; the sleepy barges bright in the sun; the children playing on the pavements,—but the eye always returns to a tall spire mirrored in the stream, with dear old trees for a beautiful enclosure.

Far below in some neighboring house a little girl invisible was playing on the piano from an exercise book: every note of her "tune" came up clear with untroubled expression as she duly repeated it several times; the clock struck eleven; locomotive whistled leisurely across the fields; and these sounds had the air to themselves.

When up on this tower any summer's day,—

Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.

The Avon winds its silvery surface east and west through the heart of England, bygone history haunting each bend of its banks. Far away the uplands of Naseby, nearer the sandstone romance of Kenilworth, and the great towers of Warwick just out of sight; west of us Evesham and Tewkesbury recall the tale; still farther down the Severn breeze blows twice a day upon what is left of castles that were the landmarks of their time, Gloucester, Chepstow, Monmouth: it will not be hard to persuade a man who loves nature more than centralization that this Avon is *the* English stream.

Come down from the lovely bird's-eye stretch, this sheltered landscape which is Shakespeare's real memorial; the building is of use as a platform from which to survey the scene.

As for the structure itself, the effect on the whole is comic: visitors of the future will regard it as an erratic block left behind by the glacier flow of our competition epoch. No doubt the masonry is good and the details first-rate, while the theatre, which stands on the very edge of the Avon, has an interior admirably arranged with perfect light and ventilation; but it is all terribly out of place in Stratford. Stonework and woodwork unabashed are redolent of freshness and newness, for three hundred years passed before the English nation rose to this pitch of appreciation. It can't be helped,

since this Olympian immovability is part of the English nature; but enthusiasm arriving so late reminds one of the light we catch from distant stars, which have moved on through infinite space before we see what we think is them.

In the picture-gallery a deer hangs down over the large stone fireplace: this was shot at Charlecote and sent for the performance of "As You Like It" in 1879, together with hounds to chase the deer across the stage. The stag is now kept stuffed for future presentation of the play. "As You Like It" always goes well here!" the attendant said. I forebore to ask her if in the neighboring woods of Arden a Rosalind could be found as life-like as the dogs and deer.

I made a rude survey of the Library, where they collect every edition of Shakespeare ever published, and every book concerning him: this is dust and ashes with a vengeance in honor of a man who wrote: —

Of his bones are coral made,
These are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

The way in which "the nation" has expressed its feeling is the most depressing thing in Stratford: the well-meant Memorial — a big hybrid among red cottages and timbered houses — looking so sleek and hopelessly obtuse, yet barely a stone's throw from that

... star y-pointing pyramid.

However, we must not pretend to be better than our century; only let us stick to constructing ocean steamers and steel rails, to erecting commodious Grand Hotels and Central Stations; these things we do very well. And even this building, such as it is, is not completed. For instance, a series of lovely designs of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines waits to be carved along the headstone of the fireplace for want of funds: a nation on whose empire the sun never sets cannot afford the tenth of a farthing each which would suffice to finish it ten times over.

Come out quick and let us make for the grassy retreat of New Place gardens, where Shakespeare ended his days. There is considerable humor about those remnants of the foundations with their wire netting. "The house," so the "Two-penny Guide" indignantly exclaims, "was foolishly pulled down by some one unworthy of the name Reverend, Gastrell, who was annoyed at people coming to see

the house and mulberry-tree." And the "Shilling Guide," as in duty bound, goes a little farther: "Then he left the town amid the deserved execration of the inhabitants." I felt for this gentleman so roughly held up to opprobrium. Relics which when nationalized with due "admission fee" may easily excite most important emotion, are apt to occasion very different sentiments when they form an appendage of one's own dwelling-house. Even Job could not have stood a succession of tourists. And besides, there is a pathetic interest about the razed walls that would have been absent from a well-kept original.

Having got so far and the sun being hotter than ever, I proceeded to loaf along the clean streets, and presently found myself at the Great Western station, where I bought a London paper and plunged into current events. Then lounging back again about half past twelve I fell into the arms of the — Hotel, and ordered lunch with a five hours' appetite. In three minutes I forgot our parsimonious "nation," forgot Shakespeare even, in the unexpected treat that tripped into the coffee-room. "Memorial theatres be h—ng—d!" I murmured, while she went to see if the potatoes were done. "How can a theatre secure our vote when such straightforward sights as this come on us gratis out of doors?" What chance has a fashionable theatre against a pretty piece of naturalness like this? There from expensive seats we watch the curtain rise on suites of superior upholstery, while the "actor" paces to and fro pleased with his furniture, surveying the "house" for an estimate of the "gate-money." Here is a genuine English inn, its walls and passages studded with interest, Stratford life pulsating quietly outside, flowers in profusion, and an interpreter telling you how it all appears to her, — with her healthy voice and affectionate eyelashes. "We don't keep 'Shakespeare ale' here!" she remarked with careless dignity. I thought of my honest pauper in the churchyard. Then she told me — as I lingered over a tomato — that "the Americans" would buy up every single thing in the house if they were allowed, and especially a certain circular mirror in a heavy gilt frame, — which happened to be just behind her tangled aureole of a head as she spoke. "That wouldn't do!" I exclaimed.

"No?" she rejoined, turning with a flourish of skirts to interrogate her warm reflection: then smiling happily, I was left to despatch that tomato alone.

My grief was interrupted by the sudden entry of a friend *en route* to Worcester on a tricycle. We soon adjourned to the shady parlor behind the bar, to smoke and chat with the pleasant hostess: skirts and laughter kept the passage airy.

Good-bye! and out in the glowing streets again. At the corner of Henley Street we came upon my acquaintance of the workhouse. He was one of a group of three, the other two being apparently absorbed in playing the part of props to a wall against which they were leaning with the stolidity of buttresses. The face of the ex-worker in iron, though as reasonable as ever, was suffused by a tint indicative of more than health. As he advanced smiling a rosy welcome, I was grieved to see that his mental powers had suffered invasion since we met a few hours ago; for he now took me to be a junior partner in that same brewing firm of which he had spoken so lightly in the churchyard. He solicited my opinion as to the likelihood of his getting employment there, and awaited my reply with the deliberate air of a political economist. Whether he was by nature versatile and adapted to many industries, or whether at the moment he was under the spell of that finished article in whose manufacture he showed such a desire to assist, I will not be mean enough to decide, but suddenly softening his voice he began to broach the familiar formula, "You haven't a pipeful of ——"

"Confound you!" I cried, as I hurried off electrified, "don't you know better than to behave like a recurring decimal?" He fell gently back against the wall, smiling ruddily at the strange language, his brown eyes full of wonder at the day he was having.

In Stratford they all seem acting parts; the town abounds in "characters." Of course it is so in most remote parts of England, but we notice it more in the neighborhood where Jacques is made to say,—

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players.

We walked up the street towards the quiet gables of Shakespeare's house, pulled the iron bell-handle, and were ushered in by one of the Miss Chattaways. Some kindly fate in gratitude to Shakespeare must have managed it so that on these two ladies should devolve the daily task of playing hostess to a stream of tourists. They could not do it better, and in consequence here is a spot in Stratford where we feel thoroughly satisfied. There is no hurry, no stereotyped recitation, or

the usual paid monotony of narrative,* but you are treated like guests in a house where all share some joint recollection.

There are two rooms downstairs and two up: the former have open chimney-seats, in which you sit, as thousands have done before you. Then we go up-stairs into the bedroom where Shakespeare is said to have been born: the once white ceiling of this room is dense grey-black with the scribbling of visitors' names,—a diversion now forbidden. On one of the diamond-shaped window-panes the name of W. Scott, can with difficulty be disengaged from the chaos of signatures scratched over it. Thanks to the Miss Chattaways even 'Arry behaves so well when he comes up here that it may be recorded of him, for once in his life,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene.

The painting of Shakespeare in the adjoining room is impressive, looking out unruffled from the mercantile "safe" which forms his frame. There is a strange air about the entire scene, and we feel very childish. Our visitors from across the Atlantic in particular—for they are most unaffected—regard the walls and floor, the lawn behind, the chimney recesses, put their heads out of the window and look down the rural street, then return to the bare oak beams, with a curious expression that plainly asks, "How was it done?"

Cynics smile at the hourly "pilgrimage" to Stratford-on-Avon. But the reason for these journeys is too modern to be called by such an old name. Judging from the faces of the tourists inside the house, it is not exactly blind hero-worship or reverence, but a quiet recognition of existence at its best. There is more fascination than anything else, as with three-year-old children when they listen to a shell: so here faint echoes of the outside are forever detained to touch the tourist ear—if he have five minutes to spare. Barnum was going to buy up "the whole thing," house, lawn, trees, surroundings and all, and drop them down in America; but the "nation" went so far as to wake just in time to avert this disgrace.

Meanwhile the visitors come and go; every few minutes the bell rings sedately below: this is the everlasting tribute. Twelve thousand people signed their names last year in the book down-stairs,

* A striking contrast to that in the church at Warwick.

and a large proportion of these had crossed the Atlantic.

What does it all mean, these perennial groups with their look of inquiry?

The tourists know that Shakespeare had a truer perception of things — a better insight into them — than ordinary men; and by leaving us a description of what he saw, we have our own platform raised, we ourselves then look out on a more complete view of existence. A lovelier picture of the world — lovelier because more complete — came into focus through his mind; he was a first-rate interpreter of our common environment.

Shakespeare was a real instance of what we call "expression." Existence, which laps against every pore of the bodily workings of each of us, was so entertained by him as to express itself in the splendor that tints all his plays. To use a very inadequate and misleading simile, because it is a lifeless one, for illustration of a living fact, we may say that he lived inside a house with cleaner windows than the rest of us; as we listen to his language we stir ourselves, and our panes uncloud, so that we get gleams of the same hues and vistas. It is an instance of that happy vaccination which great men perform on their fellows; by simply reading their words, our actual blood and nerves learn a new liability forever after; our nature becomes susceptible to its surroundings in a measure like theirs; we acquire part of their complaint.

Do you know the Medicine of Example, the healthy power of Admiration?*

So the poor tourists of the nineteenth century finger the rafters of his house, sit in the chimney-seat, and touch everything, just as young children nestling close when pleased by the spell of some mysterious tale will curiously stroke the hands and clothing of the narrator. And the Miss Chattaways do not laugh, though they watch it every day of their lives.

I found Shottery a proper rural hamlet hugging the bends of its lane, with drainage conspicuous by its absence. The cottage came in due time without any need to ask the way, and entering I met old Mrs. Baker in the passage. "Just the very place where Judith met that young man!" she exclaimed, the moment she had said good afternoon. The characters in Mr. Black's latest novel were to her quite as real as the originals — her own ancestors — of three hundred

* Jean Paul Richter (quoted in "Guide" to Stratford).

years ago. Her serenity of narrative concerning the former inhabitants of the cottage, and freedom from the least touch of emotion, were rather sad. Time will do anything. She, a relative, regarded Shakespeare so completely as an outsider might, while on the other hand the Miss Chattaways seemed to have unconsciously acquired the feelings of a descendant.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage was originally a respectable-sized farmhouse, belonging to one of those old yeoman families who vanished when steam came in. After a time it was subdivided into three small tenements, the middle one of which alone is now of interest, for this is occupied by the present descendant of the Hathaways.

It was a lovely September afternoon, and I stayed half an hour chatting with the contented old woman, who from long use is never at a loss to entertain visitors. Of course I sat in the settle — which certain "courting" is supposed to have made immortal — and looked over the family tree duly inscribed on the first leaf of the big family Bible. This Bible was taken in "in parts" by Mrs. Baker's father; an expensive feat which he finished a few days before his marriage, when it appeared newly bound. The family is so long-lived that not many steps take us back to the Hathaway of Shakespeare's time. Then I was shown over the visitors' book, where I "must see Mary Anderson's name," that of Wm. Black, W. Garfield, and thousands of others. Then up-stairs to the bedroom, with its very handsome old carved-oak bedstead, homespun sheets, and pillow-case ornamented with point lace. On the bed lay a gay patchwork quilt sent by some affectionate visitor.

Time flies, — and Mrs. Baker remarked *en passant* that though she used to make a cup of tea for her visitors, yet now there are so many, and she an old body, she couldn't be bothered wi' it. Taking this hint that the audience was over, and with it a Michaelmas daisy she pressed upon me, I stepped out again into the quiet lane and said good-bye to the hamlet. On my way back through the fields, though the sunset colors were spreading, I met more tourists making for "the cottage."

What brings them out here? and when here, why are they so fascinated that each Shottery urchin, every Stratford cow, or Warwickshire cloud, seems possessed by a secret? Is it (as some assert) "humanity" which attracts them so? or is it something else, the perception of possibilities

outside, which for once — the door being open — walked in through this quiet English avenue?

The interest that fetches them here in flocks, to look for a few minutes, and then depart apparently satisfied with their journey, is something of a sort with that which makes men gape over the hole where a meteoric stone has fallen. Any new message from the outside will have this effect: people haunt the place where it arrived, even though the message be unintelligible. But here the thick-thatched cottage, the neighboring pastures, the Stratford elms and the English stream, the quiet roads, the red-roofed houses, — all speak in a clear voice with notes which like those of Orpheus draw even stocks and stones. We hear a new *invitation à la valse* — of life. The commonplace character of the surroundings is what appeals to us: if a Shakespeare happened here, why not — Each finishes according to his mood.

Then the *luck* of life arrests us. These ordinary Stratford materials are no different from those of our own locality. But in just this one case the elements (within and without) happened to be so "mixed up," the nature of the man was so disposed and developed, that existence could come to terms with him in a way unknown to his fellows.

It is the outside readiness — almost womanly in its attitude — as yet comparatively unknown till such personations put us in touch with it; this is what, much as he may protest, brings our tourist to linger here as many hours as would suffice to "do" a Continental capital. It is not humanity, but the other working partner of humanity, which draws men to Stratford-on-Avon.

Not humanity, but existence, which is much greater. In a century of machinery moved by gigantic power, so many thousands of sudden deaths occur in cold blood as part of our every-day work. This familiar snapping short of life, taken along with increased knowledge of physical structure, has caused a change of mood regarding death: some of the old horror has passed away. We are now struck by the character of the conditions of our tenure of life. The least little "bodily" change quite alters our "consciousness," *i.e.*, quite alters the way in which we realize existence, the manner in which existence whispers overtures to us. So men begin to think more about the infinite possibilities unpersonified, and less blindly of the one presentation they lose, when a friend has "died." Life and death strike them as

variations of an air which they have lately begun to catch. The same impression is made when watching a patient under ether or chloroform. *He* is not the "subject" of these quick, fantastic variations; he is only a variation himself.

It is bad players who allow our attention to be taken by the instrument they are using; with a great player we are lost in the spirit of the air. So when we listen to the finest men, the best specimens who have said and done, our thoughts run away from humanity in admiration of existence, which becomes so audible through the instrument of humanity. Some of these human instruments are more "expressive" than others, but the more expressive ones simply force upon us more vividly what they all express somehow, — the great fact outside. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in any philosophy. And the best specimens of humanity know that humanity is a childish thing compared with existence.

Yet there are castaways of this stormy century who, hurriedly turned adrift from their snug yacht of unseaworthy "beliefs" without any solid constructive food, find themselves in a position like those poor men of the *Mignonette*, alone on the ocean with a few turnip-tins: then they feed on themselves, — and this forlorn cannibalism is called the worship of humanity.

But most of those thousands who yearly step out at Stratford station, to spend some hours in the tranquil town, when face to face with the turf and trees where Shakespeare lived and died, if they think at all, will simply wonder as they walk, why here, in this inconspicuous shelter of meadow and wood, reality should have come so bright. Feeling that such an event may again be within an ace of happening at any moment anywhere for reasons similar to those that brought it here, they move to and fro among the relics with faith and hope alive inside them. The air is redolent of high stakes: each laborer they meet wears a double mask: he seems quite near, as regards the *possibility*, and yet, as regards *probability*, he is so far from something infinitely better. Comedy and tragedy walk and talk all round. Even the Great Western goods-train rumbles on enchanted ground.

Now away from wonderland! The children are indoors at tea, and the quiet town still quieter. One warm-faced girl we pass on the way leans out of a doorstep, hands crossed behind her back,

watching the clouds in the west, her thoughts wandering after them. Then the train ambles off with us, while the midges swarm in the soft twilight.

At Hatton the sunset was streaming red along the rails, and in half an hour more the day was over and I was back at Birmingham again,—a startling piece of scene-shifting. Whatever other notoriety the big town may boast it is without controversy a convenient junction for Stratford-on-Avon.

An hour later, as I strolled with a friend up New Street towards the broad-side of Municipal Buildings, there was no doubt about the nineteenth century. Stupendous posters side by side announced the visit of a popular *danseuse* and the opening of the Social Science Congress. Crowds of philosophers, genial and sanguine from their after-dinner wine, were filing in through the lofty portals, ready to carry everything (on paper) before them. And hanging with the frankest curiosity on their skirts were dozens of creatures mostly young, some of them too pretty to need the paint which nevertheless the corporation gas depicted vivid on their cheeks.

God is great! as the heathen say. What an air, which is capable of so much expression that all we have seen to-day is but a drop in the ocean of its variations!

The superb summer sky; the beautiful seaside waves; the resounding station at midnight; the express with its "slip" carriage; the infinite variety of boys and girls; the kindly hospital back from the road; the placid mill-wheel dipping in and out; the quaint lover of quadrupeds; the fifteen-year-old on her sunny lawn; the silent churchyard with its melody of Mozart; the unavenging pauper; the dead Memorial and the immortal Shakespeare; the "soft-flowing Avon," showing pictures at every bend; the locomotive shrill in the midday heat; the London newspapers; the touch of healthy nature inside the inn; the splendor of the summer afternoon, and three poor cronies enjoying it drunk against the wall; that timbered house empty but eloquent; the Americans interviewing bare boards; the devoted custodian in the Museum, living every day three hundred years behind the age, while the telegraph clicks at the post-office opposite; the cows on the way to Shottery unaware of it all, the rural inhabitants aware but unable to comprehend; the cheerful old lady whose orbit touched a greater one three centuries ago;

the book with thousands of signatures from all the world over in a corner of the thatched cottage; the tourists hastening as the sun begins to set; the last wide view of golden red above the elms; the myriad midges in the silent fields: then a million lights and noises in the metropolis of blood and iron; the competing saviours of society pouring in to the Institute, their victims within — and without; the soft September air that presently has the pavements to itself, — and sleep the *finale*.

E. POINGDESTRE.

From The Spectator.
DR. LIDDON ON PROGRESS.

IN his last April sermon at St. Paul's, Dr. Liddon discussed the old, and yet ever new, subject of the so-called "progress" of the age and species. He drew a very graphic picture of what most men understand under the word "progress." They express by it, he said, much what the country townsman expresses who points out to a long-absent fellow-citizen "how a street has been widened and rebuilt; how by use of patent machinery in a factory, the partners have been able to undersell all rival firms, and improve the homes of their workmen; how the town is within five hours of London, and the state of the markets in Paris and Berlin is known instantly on its exchange; how costly a building is the town-hall, and how the electric light is certain to be adopted soon." "He concludes," said Dr. Liddon, "by saying, 'In fact, you would not know the place; if you except the old church with its weathercock, and some almshouses, there is nothing that is not new.'" What Dr. Liddon, of course, wished to point out was that, in such a conception of progress as this, there is no necessary progress at all. Of course, there is no disadvantage in such progress. On the contrary, in places that do not move with the times, and that remain unchanged amidst a world of change, there is more often regress than progress in moral life, as well as failure to achieve physical progress. Still, it is not any advance in manipulating matter, which constitutes progress in the religious sense of the term, in the sense in which St. Paul earnestly desired "to press towards the mark for the prize of his high calling." Improvements in manipulating matter might be, said Dr. Liddon, to humanity, "no better than a new coat to a man who had disease of the heart." The progress

in external decency might be perfectly consistent with a great falling-off in moral and spiritual health. What St. Paul meant by pressing forward to the mark for the prize of his high calling was, "more faith, hope, love, humility, truthfulness, courage, purity, self-mastery, suppression of self," — progress, in short, of a kind that shall survive death. Undoubtedly, that is the true progress, and undoubtedly just because it is the true progress, there is no necessary law of it. It is even conceivable that every generation might begin its career under, in some respects, better moral conditions than those under which the previous generation began its career, so far as those moral conditions implied only less savage passions and more softened manners, a temper that fitted more easily into the conditions of other persons' tempers, and habits of life more temperate and more permeated by intellectual refinement, and yet that none the less there might be no real moral progress, for moral progress, we imagine, depends, not on the improved moral conditions under which each new generation does its work, but on the moral use actually made of its own conditions — whatever these may be — by those who live in them. For example, while we should say that a barbarous generation had made great progress which had really learned something of humility and of the power to forgive, we should say that a civilized generation which had simply become involuntarily softened and humanized in its tastes by the constant pressure of higher intellectual habits, and had not exerted any increasing power of self-control over its own actions, would have made no progress. It is not sufficient to say that a man's habits and standards are more worthy at the close of life than they were at the beginning, in order to prove that he has made progress, unless it be clear that that improvement is due to the strong exercise of volition, and not merely to a gradual change in the natural likings of the majority of the generation in the midst of which he lives. You may have a great advance in all that is meant by civilization, even as regards habits of mind, and yet contemporaneously with it a great retrogression in all that is signified by the moral and spiritual state. Not only may a man with advanced disease of the heart wear a better coat than he ever wore while his heart beat in perfect health, but a man with a cankered character may command a far more keen and practised intellect, and may display far more genial and refined tastes, than he ever had at his disposal before that canker showed

itself. True progress depends, not on a change of habit and taste for the better, but on a change of character for the better; and a change of character for the better is no more involved in a change of habit and taste for the better, than it is in the change of scenery or furniture for the better. It is as easy to improve the moral conditions of men without improving their moral conduct, as it is to make an animal tamer and more domestic without subduing its wilfulness, whenever that wilfulness is fairly roused. A hundred circumstances alter inevitably the moral conditions of a generation, which do not in the least depend on its sense of duty. The mere increasing pressure of population, for instance, had a subduing effect on the self-importance of average men, but that subduing effect operates quite involuntarily, and does not seriously involve any single act of self-renunciation. It is impossible to conceive true moral progress in any society which will not satisfy this test, — that the majority of men in that society shall end life with a higher and more strenuous fidelity of will than they exhibited in the opening of life. If there is to be real progress, there must be not merely an involuntary refinement of nature, but a voluntary subjugation of character. What St. Paul asked of himself was not a higher adaptability in his feelings to the improved conditions of the society in which he moved, but a readiness to trample boldly on his own feelings when his sense of duty to his Master required it.

The real difficulty of the question whether there is or is not moral progress in the world consists in this, that it is so extremely difficult to discriminate between the improvement in the moral conditions to which men are subjected, and an improved use of whatever moral conditions we have. Take the effect of education on the diminution of crime in the young. Is that a real case of genuine moral progress, or only a case of improved moral conditions leading to a higher constitution of the race, rather than to a higher and nobler energy in the handling of that constitution? We should be inclined to refer it to the latter rather than to the former. It really means the improvement of the moral *circumstances* of the younger generation, not necessarily the improved use of their circumstances (whatever they be) by those who are subjected to them; and it is only in the latter case that we can assert a true moral progress in the sense of St. Paul. Of course, successfully to advance the conditions under which the

young begin life is true progress for those who bring about this advance; but it is not true progress for those who gain by it, it is for them only the securing of a better starting-point, not the forward movement from that starting-point, which last alone is true progress; and therefore, while we cordially recognize every great reform in the conditions of life as marking the progress, in the best sense, of those who secured it and who made great sacrifices to secure it, we should measure progress for those who profit by it not by the more elevated position from which they start, but by the use to which they turn that more elevated position. St. Paul's idea of progress required a moral forward movement in the individual; and without a moral forward movement in the individual he would not have admitted that there was, for that individual, any progress.

Nothing seems to us more dangerous than the way in which the word "progress" is often used to hide the cessation of all forward movement, and even the most discreditable backsliding. People talk magniloquently of "progress" whose only idea of progress is that *other* people have made great sacrifices to raise for them the platform of advantage from which they start. They talk as if they were entitled to some reflected merit even from the discovery of the telegraph and the electric light, because they happen to live in the age in which these were invented,—as if the penny press were an imputed righteousness to them, and as if Bessemer's process covered for them a multitude of sins. In reality, nothing is more difficult than for any man of mature age to convince himself that he has personally made any progress, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. The young, of course, up to a certain age, make very rapid progress in the development of all their powers, though whether the development of powers, which is often as delightful as it is rapid, is a forward movement for which any credit ought to be taken, is not always easy to determine. But the age of rapid development once passed, nothing is harder than for any true man to say that he has made a real forward movement of any kind, that he is definitely better than he was a year ago in any one respect, intellectual, moral, or spiritual. We are such creatures of habit, that hardly even a great and perpetual strain will tell much on the structure of our inward inclinations and attitudes of mind,—by which chiefly a man ought to judge his character. Can any impatient man say that by years of

struggle he has subdued the flash of temper with which sudden annoyances are greeted? Can any proud man say that by years of struggle he has subdued that flash of resentment with which he meets condescension or humiliation? We are far from denying it; but this we will say, that while progress in the false sense of the term,—the improvement of the conditions under which we work,—is one of the commonest things possible in this age, progress in the true sense of the word, that is, the individual forward movement of the moral nature which reduces a deep-rooted temptation to innocuousness, and by sheer effort places the nature at a definitely higher level than mere circumstances could have secured it, is one of the very rarest of all phenomena,—a phenomenon so rare that a man who can be sure of it in himself has perhaps better ground for gratitude and peace than any recipient of external blessings could boast of. If this be especially the age of progress, it is the age of progress which has most debased the meaning of the word "progress," and attached to it all sorts of false suggestions, which are nothing but sedatives to the indolent and the presumptuous, disguising from them both the difficulty and the rarity of a personal advance in all those qualities in which advance is of the greatest moment.

From The Saturday Review.
THE HUGUENOT SOCIETY.

IT is such a pleasant thing to have a pedigree to distinguish one, that it is surprising the descendants of the Huguenots have never formed a society to assert their claims before. They have a pedigree, and a very good one; but as yet they have been content to allow the world to find it out. Scotchmen would not have been equally careless. A body of Scotch Catholics in France, supposing such a thing to be possible, would long ago have had a society, with a hall and a periodical feast. They would have kept a sharp look-out to see that the colony received all due credit, and would have taken good care to hunt up every descendant of the original emigrants who had in any way distinguished himself in the world. The Huguenots have never till now thought it necessary to take that trouble. The reticence need not be put down either to modesty or to readiness to mix with the people they were settled among. Neither the first refugees nor their descendants have ever

been wanting in a keen sense of the sacrifices they made for conscience' sake. The families which fled from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes knew perfectly, no doubt, the whole extent of their superiority to the Palatines. It was one thing to leave France because you could not swallow the mass, and another to be driven out of house and home by Frenchmen. The Huguenots have, on the whole, been exceedingly tenacious of their nationality. M. J. J. Weiss found a whole village of their descendants in the midst of Germany still as French in language and customs as ever. They kept till lately, if they do not still keep, a little orderly and prosperous Ghetto of their own at Berlin. Nobody need grudge them their pride of race, for wherever the Huguenot has settled he has duly paid for his hospitality. He has never forgotten that France was wholly given up to the Scarlet Woman, and has fought against her accordingly and with some effect. That dreadful Frederick the Great, whom the Duc de Broglie finds such a wicked man because he beat the French, was suckled on the milk of the Huguenots, so to speak. They never had an opportunity to educate such a monster in this country, but they have done good service none the less. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that they should feel themselves a peculiar people, and cast about for a way of recording the fact. The society, of which Sir H. A. Layard is the first president, is as good a way of doing it as another. Probably the first generation of refugees would not have altogether approved of the surroundings of the "Criterion," Piccadilly, or have thought a meeting preceded by a dinner the best way of commemorating the sufferings and merits of the saints, but such considerations need not disturb their present descendants. When the society is fully in working order and has set about collecting materials for a history of the Huguenot families settled in England, it will have an undoubtedly blameless occupation.

When the history of the Huguenot community is written a good many reasons will be found why it has held such a respectable position in this country. The first settlers, for one thing, introduced new industries, and were careful to keep them to themselves. Accordingly they prospered, and when they made money they saved it. Not a few of the first generation were able men, and their descendants have been worthy of a tough race. The society will not have to seek far to find the names of men of mark who come

from the French settlers. Still, when all their later merits have been duly set forth, it will be found that the exceptionally honorable character of a descent from the Huguenots is due much less to their silk-weaving and their success in producing lawyers than to the fact that they alone among the refugees who have found shelter in England paid their footing in military service. They gave us one good general and several good officers. The Duke of Schomberg may be taken as a set-off to the Earl of Galway. At the outset of their existence as an exiled people they did us the excellent service of helping to bring troublesome people in Ireland to order. No doubt the work had much in it calculated to please them. Having just been dragooned and sent to the galleys by the eldest son of the Church, they must have found the task of fixing the penal laws on the necks of the Irish Roman Catholics very attractive. Then, too, they could meet their native persecutors in Ireland. But it would be ungracious to deny them their due praise because they worked for their own revenge in working for us. It is enough that they did what they undertook to do remarkably well at the Boyne and at Aughrim. At a later date they fought equally well in Spain. It was not the fault of the Huguenot body that the ministry thought fit to trust Galway with the command of the army he contrived to lose so effectually. The French regiments would have fought quite as well under Peterborough and have helped him to win. As it was, they were reduced to preventing Galway from losing as disgracefully as he might have done. They got themselves cut to pieces, and no reasonable man could ask any more from them. Much good has been said, and deservedly, about the services of the Huguenots in more peaceful ways; but it was the hard fighting of these regiments which gave the body its especial distinction. We owe something to the industry of Flemish immigrants; but nobody traces his ancestry elaborately to them. There were French Protestants in England long before Lewis XIV. was born, and they had their churches, and their story of sufferings for conscience' sake, some of which were undergone in this country, and not from Roman Catholics. The Huguenots who came over here after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had had many predecessors; but nobody who claims descent from a French Protestant at all cares to go back beyond the last swarm. They have secured all the honor, and in the main they deserved it.